

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Ninepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

Week Ending 13th March, 1965

This week's issue
of CN contains . . .

CN SPECIAL ENQUIRY

Prince Philip's Tour

SHAKESPEARE'S
TWELFTH NIGHT
(Part One)

NEWS FROM THE ZOO

PATRICK MOORE:
LOOKING AT THE SKY

PLUS:

Sport, letters, jokes, and
many other features

THE TRAVELLING PRINCE

NINE major overseas tours have been completed by Prince Philip—four with the Queen—in the dozen years since the Coronation.

It is easier to name the countries he has *not* visited than the ones he has.

The grand tour on which our "Flying Prince" set out last month was planned to cover 21,000 miles in eight weeks.

In assessing the value of such tours let us not forget that Britain trades all round the world and needs a ceaseless exchange of goods and materials for her living. (Half our food comes from abroad.)

Most countries visited by the Prince have "family" or other common interests with us. And our relationship with these countries can often be enhanced by a royal visitor.

Restoring Friendship

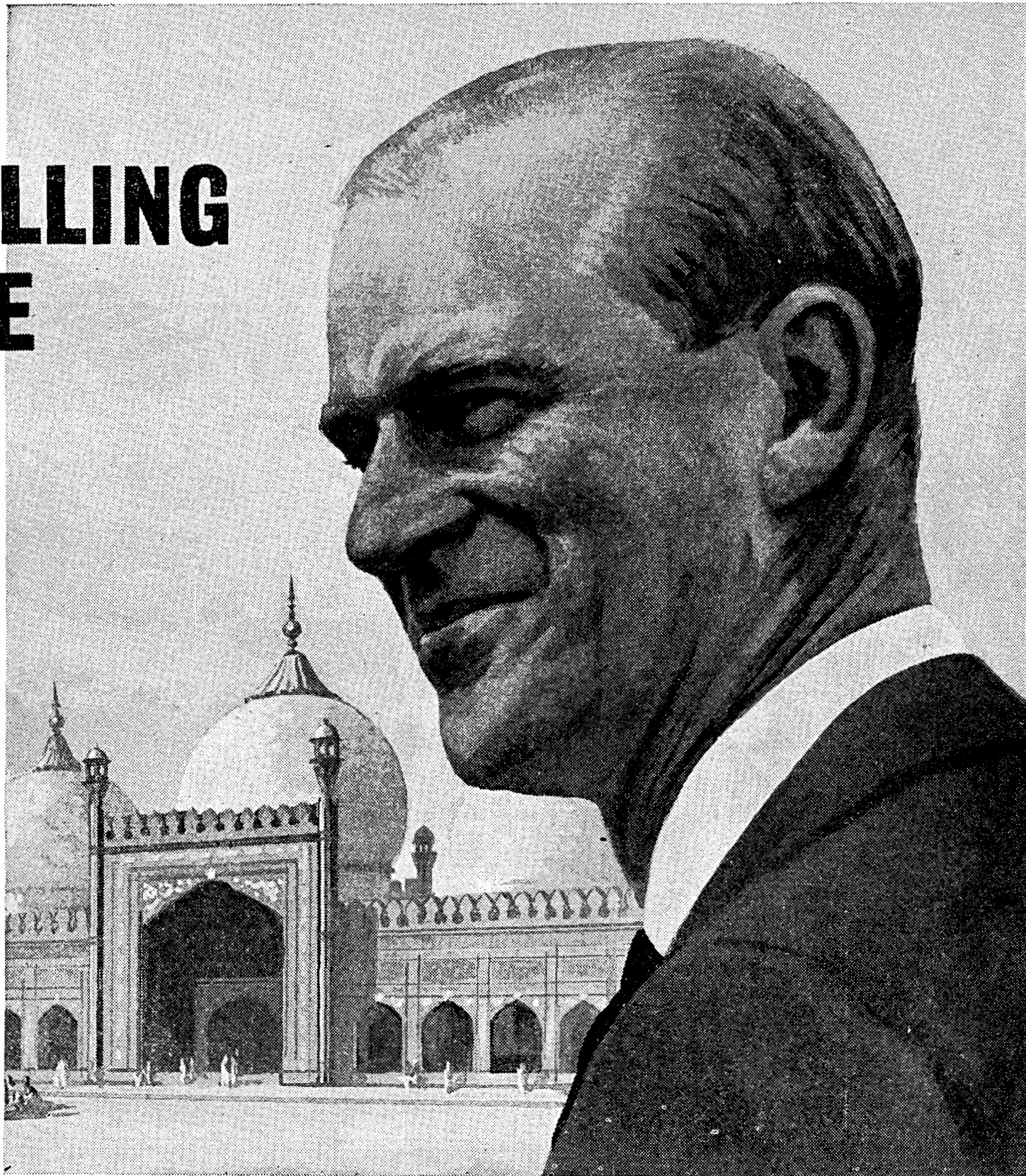
For instance, this time he called first on King Faisal of Saudi Arabia. Diplomatic relations between the British and the Saudis, broken off in 1956 because of the Suez war, were restored last year.

In Australia, the Prince opened a new Mint which will be producing decimal currency. Australia switches over to the decimal system next February.

In Malaysia he had another kind of mission—to cheer up and inspire the British troops, who are there to defend this young Commonwealth federation against any invasion by Indonesia.

In every country, in fact, the Prince has had a real job to do.

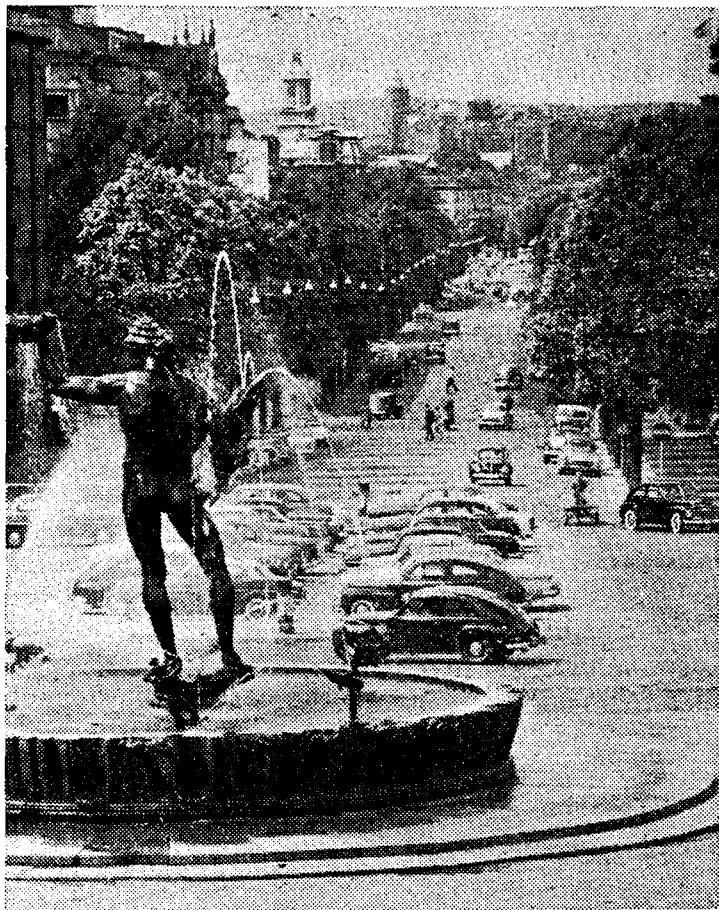
See also page 7



READERS' LETTERS

GIRL GUIDES, PLEASE WRITE!

Dear Sir,—I have been living in Sweden for several years now, and I have become a Swedish Girl Guide.



Street scene in the Swedish seaport city of Göteborg

Would any girl readers of CN like to write to me and tell me about English Girl Guides? I would like to know what kind of things they do, what their uniform is like, and so on.

Anna Jackson, Växelmystg 24, Göteborg V, Sweden.

MORE RESPECT?

Dear Sir,—I would like to express my feelings about what happened on Monday, 15th February.

A wolf was killed. "So what?" some will say. "Animals die every day." But anyone who has kindness in their heart will feel as bitter as I do on this subject.

The wolf escaped on the previous Friday, and the news was spread through the country. It was said that the wolf would only attack if cornered, but no sooner was the news released than everyone near by got their guns out.

Ours is reputed to be an animal-loving country. If this is so, then why is there not more respect for our fellow creatures?

I hope others will share my grief for a handsome animal.

David Jones, Old Trafford, Manchester 16.

Would any other readers care to comment? Editor

MATCHBOX LABELS TIP

Dear Sir.—A letter in this week's edition (CN 27th February), asks how collectors store their matchbox labels.

I find it quite convenient to

OH, THOSE EXAMS!

Dear Sir,—I think exams bring out the worst in a person, and do not let anyone tell you otherwise!

For example, your best friend has always told you the truth. She has never, *never* tried to deceive you. But what happens at exams? You ask her:

"Have you done any revision?"

"No," she says. "I haven't even read *Hamlet*, I couldn't tell Silas Marner from Moby Dick, I've not gone over my grammar or English language—and I couldn't care less anyhow!"

Then the horrible girl comes top!

But you just cannot win by telling the truth.

"Done any Latin revision, Barbara?" my friends ask me.

"Oh, yes. I've learnt all my nouns, verbs, and tenses. I have thoroughly slogged constructions, conjunctions, and clauses, as well as dying with boredom over all the Latin stories we ever did."

They give you filthy looks when you tell them this—and laugh like hyenas when you come 22nd.

It really does not pay to be honest!

Barbara Moreham, Ripon, Yorkshire.

'ELLO, SAID THE JACKDAW

Dear Sir,—Regarding the letter sent in by Andrew Stachniewski (issue dated 27th February), I know a jackdaw which may not be so remarkable as his, but which seems to me to be worth writing about.

At school the girls sometimes have cross-country running, and near the end of a little lane a jackdaw sits on a little wooden fence. As we go by, it says in a squawky sort of shriek, "Hello," or rather, "ello," and you just have to stop and say hello, too.

I told my friend about him, and when she said hello to him he said "Goodbye."

Sharon Eastwood (12), Berkhamsted, Hertfordshire.

MORE TUNEFUL

Dear Sir,—I, too, like Heather White (issue dated 23rd January), am very interested in Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

I do not have any pictures of them, but enjoy listening to three records I have. I am also lucky enough to have seen six operas.

I think they are wonderful, and much more tuneful than "pop."

Marjorie Clark (13), Carnoustie, Angus.

It seems to me...

RIDING LESSONS

SOME time ago I commented on the extraordinarily wide range of activities engaged in by the pupils of present-day schools. Now I have heard of something new—horse riding!

The Sir William Collins School, which is in St. Pancras, in the heart of London, started riding lessons a year ago. Every week lucky boys from this school have a two-hour lesson at a riding school in the suburbs. The lessons are divided into two parts—"one hour in the saddle and one in the stable."

Mr. Harry Greenway, who teaches English and French at the school, thought up the idea after taking a school party to visit a German riding school.

He says, "The boys were enthusiastic, and I believe we can achieve a number of things by running a course like this—especially the teaching of self-discipline."

Self-discipline—and a sense of responsibility. That's what "the hour in the stable" is for. You can't just put a horse away, the way you can a car.

A horse is a warm-blooded creature, and it is your duty to look after it.

Most people who ride do this willingly, because of the bond which almost always develops between a rider and his mount. It is this bond which is one of the most wonderful things about riding.



Boys of the Sir William Collins School, St. Pancras, at one of their riding lessons

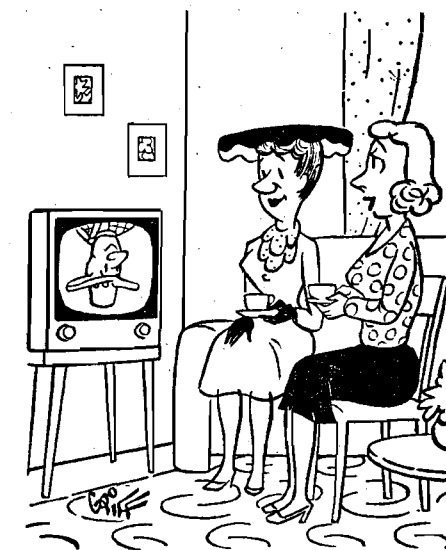
The Editor is always pleased to receive letters from readers, and will publish as many as there is room for in this feature. The address to write to is: The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

The Editor

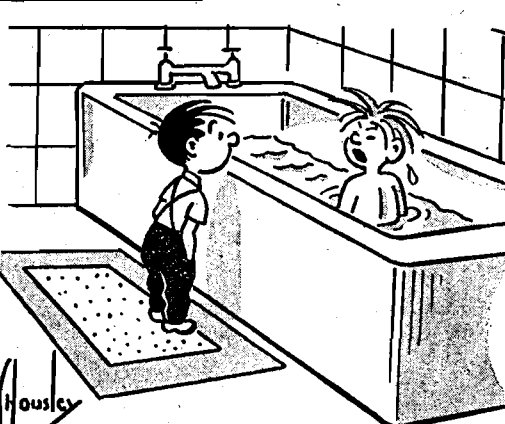
LAUGH TIME



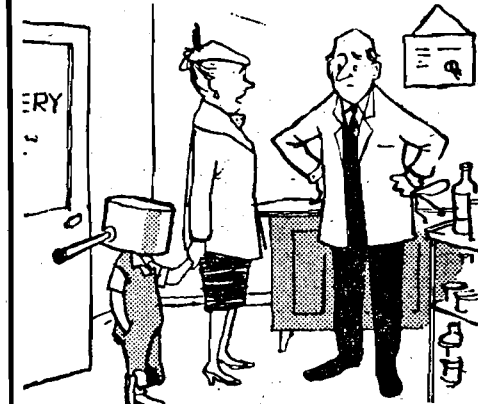
"I know what's wrong—your arms are too short."



"We brought this set with us from Australia."



"I wish they'd invent a dirt-proof skin."



"I don't think it's going to be as easy as it looks. He's swallowed a magnet."

IN BRITAIN NOW

WIDE VARIETY OF EXPORTS

Much has been heard of Britain's urgent need to increase exports—of all kinds. Some idea of the wide variety of commodities ordered or sold to foreign countries can be gained from this list of export items in the news:

BUSES: 200 double-deckers, worth £2,000,000, have been ordered by Iran.

CARAVANS: Last year Britain exported a record 18,125 caravans with a total value of £5,081,488.

DIESEL ENGINES: Five engines worth £130,000 have been ordered by a Dutch firm for an oil-drilling platform in the North Sea.

GRANDFATHER CLOCKS: Seven clocks, each more than 100 years old, have been sold to antique dealers in Baltimore, USA.

GREETINGS CARDS: A Northampton firm last year exported more than a quarter of its record output of 140 million Christmas and Greetings cards.

HOVERCRAFT: A New York firm which had already bought two SRN5 hovercraft has ordered two more.

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS: A Japanese firm has placed an order for instruments to the value of £250,000.

OIL MILL: A contract has been received by a Hull firm to build a £500,000 factory to produce oil and cooking fat from cottonseed in Afghanistan.

RAILWAYS: £350,000 worth of electrical equipment is being exported for the first electrified line in Yugoslavia.

ROCKETS: 20 Skylark rockets to the value of £200,000 have been ordered by the European Space Research Organisation in Paris.

SHIPS: Two 14,800-ton vessels are to be built on Wearside for Rumania; this £2,750,000 order is the first from that country for 30 years; Czechoslovakia has ordered a 35,000-ton bulk carrier, from a Tyneside firm—value, £2,000,000.



TWIN ROLES FOR PETER AND ROBERT

Identical twins, Peter (left) and Robert Bartlett, have good cause to smile, for they have landed star roles in *Tea Party*, a new BBC-TV play due on our screens on 25th March. Aged twelve, the boys attend a west London stage school.

50 YEARS OF AN AIRFIELD

Royal Air Force Station Northolt—the only airfield in the London district still in active service—is celebrating its 50th anniversary.

It was on 3rd March, 1915, that No. 4 Reserve Aeroplane Squadron first touched down on the then small grass airport near Ruislip. But within a month the station saw active service when two aircraft made an unsuccessful attempt to intercept the giant

German airship Zeppelin L10, which bombed Kent.

After the First World War, Northolt had the distinction of carrying out the RAF's first experiments with parachutes from aeroplanes.

A training station in the First World War, Northolt became a main fighter station in the Second. A Polish Wing based there had destroyed 500 enemy aircraft by the end of 1942.

A civil airport for eight years after the war, Northolt is now a Transport Command station, and is still used for VIPs.

PLAQUE FOR A SCHOOL'S FOUNDER

A plaque is to be set up to mark the grave of Mary Erskine, founder of the famous Edinburgh girls' school which was opened early in the 18th century.

A former pupil of the school recently identified the grave at Greyfriars' Churchyard, and it is to be marked by the plaque which will be set up through the Edinburgh Merchant Company, which administers the school.

NEW GIANT FOR LONDON

This unusual camera shot is of one of the many huge buildings climbing into London's sky. This modern block of shops and offices at St. Giles Circus, W.1, is 340 feet high and has 33 stories.



40 YEARS AGO

(From CN issue dated 14th March, 1925)

There is every prospect that in this Parliament women will be given the vote on the same terms as men. It is true that a Bill was defeated the other day by a small majority, but that was because it was held by the Government that changes in the franchise should only be made just before a General Election and no-one wants another election yet.

The Government has now solemnly promised to bring in a Bill of its own before the next Dissolution of Parliament.

All other inequalities between the sexes are to be put right with the age inequality; the only question is whether both men and women are to vote at 21 or whether the age for both is to be put at 25.

OLD LOCO IN NEW COAT

The century-old locomotive *Talyllyn* took a trip to Birmingham the other day—by road transporter. This pride of the Talyllyn Railway Preservation Society has been put on show in the city's Museum of Science and Industry.

Freshly painted and clean as a new pin, *Talyllyn* will be on show in Birmingham until May, when the little centenarian will be shunted along to Shrewsbury for a display at the castle there.

MEMORIAL TO A MISSIONARY

A memorial plaque to Samuel Leigh, first Methodist missionary to Australia and New Zealand, has been unveiled at Milton, the Staffordshire village in which he was born in 1785.

Samuel Leigh opened his first chapel in a small wooden building at Castlereagh, New South Wales. Seven years later he built two more chapels, at Whangaroa in New Zealand's North Island, but these were destroyed by the Maoris.

SCHOOLS' TRAFFIC SURVEY

Senior members of Gloucester's schools spent a day of their half-term holiday on a survey of the city's traffic.

From a CN Reader

EVERYONE'S CUP OF TEA

THE one drink above all others that Britons love is tea. In fact, the people of Britain drink more tea per head of population than any other nation in the world. Every year Britons sip through about £200,00,00 worth.

Next to Britishers in tea-sipping order come the "Southern" Irish, who are followed by the Australians and the New Zealanders. The Americans are well behind. They drink only one cup for every 15 drunk in Britain.

The British working man certainly likes his cup of tea. It is estimated that some 50 million man-hours are spent every week by Britain's industrial workers drinking tea.

Saving Man-Hours

There are arguments for and against the workman's tea-drinking habits in industry. Some employers say that an end to tea-breaks would save Britain's building industry alone about 12½ million man-hours a week.

But the tea break is favoured by other employers. They say it helps to increase production. The production of one engineering firm was increased by five per cent. when it introduced a tea-break.

The men, however, whether at work or anywhere else, are not Britain's greatest tea-drinkers. They are beaten by the housewives who, on average, drink five cups each every day. But old-age pensioners leave the rest standing. They get through an average of about nine cups each every day.

With Or Without ?

How do you like your tea—with or without? The answer to this question for most people in Britain is "with, please." But about ten million people drink their tea without milk or sugar. Many of these prefer a lemon, lime, or mint flavour. The others drink it without any flavouring at all.

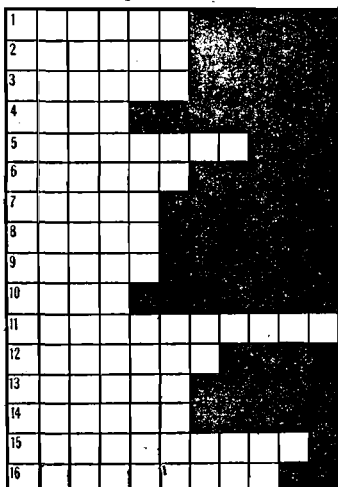
Tea, which was introduced into Europe in the 17th century, was once so highly valued that all tea-caddies were fitted with locks. It is said that Thomas Garraway, a coffee-house proprietor, first brought tea to Britain in 1660. Its taste was quickly acquired and its popularity was assured. Soon it became the national beverage.

AUSTIN JONES

GENERAL KNOWLEDGE ACROSTIC

Answer the clues and the initial letters, read downwards, will spell the name of a famous Egyptian stone pillar on London's Victoria Embankment.

Answer on page 16



- Maria is a famous opera singer.
- Beethoven's Christian name.
- An important Christian festival.
- Old Norse God.
- Asuncion is the capital of this South American country.
- English king who defeated Guthrum at Edington in 878.
- Italian city.
- One of The Beatles.
- First letter of the Greek alphabet.
- Great Irish playwright.
- The official name for Holland.
- Famous sculptor.
- The second book of the Old Testament.
- Well-known English cricketer.
- Anita is the holder of an Olympic Gold Medal.
- Another name for Sweet Briar.

THIS WIDE WORLD



AIR FORCE "MAYOR"

Squadron Leader R. Wallace considers that he has "the most interesting job in the Air Force." He is the Civil Administration Officer in the Singapore village of Seletarville, which has a population of 2,465.

The only RAF man working in the village's administration centre, he has to deal with all sorts of problems—and with all sorts of people, for the population of the village includes Malays, Chinese, Indians, and Eurasians, and there are many religions—Catholic, Muslim, Hindu, Sikh, Buddhist.

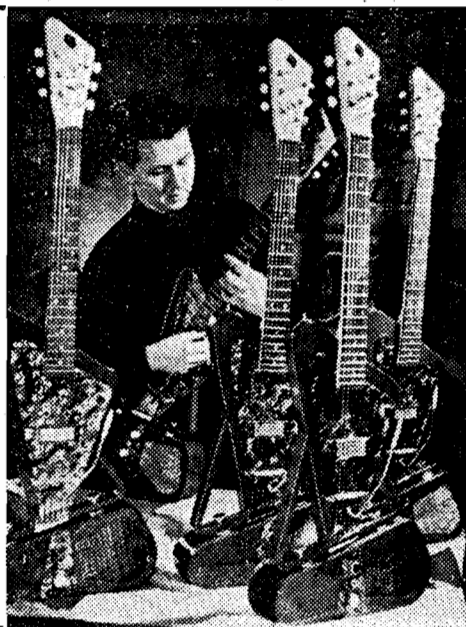
Squadron Leader Wallace manages to deal capably with whatever problem comes his way, so it is little wonder that he is known to the men at RAF Seletar as the "Mayor of Seletarville."

SHE GOT THE MESSAGE

A computer working an automatic addressing machine became jammed: within four days eleven-year-old Barbara Neuger, of Minneapolis, USA, received over a thousand items of advertising mail.

CZECH GUITARS

Electric guitars in all sorts of shapes and sizes are in great demand by the world's pop musicians. Those seen being tuned, right, are produced in Czechoslovakia, and are fitted with a transistor amplification system which makes them independent of electrical installations.



VANISHING WATERS OF THE LEBANON

FRESH water from beneath the sea is to be used to meet serious water shortages in Lebanon. An international research team, financed by the United Nations Special Fund, has spent a year studying underground water resources in that country, and 17 fresh water springs have been discovered on the sea bed, not far from the shore.

These springs solve a mystery which has long puzzled Lebanese authorities. When the winter ends, the thick snow on mountain ranges starts to thaw, releasing

torrents of water. But only about a quarter of the volume of water comes down the normal channels; the rest filters away through the limestone and is lost.

What happens is that water seeps through the earth and travels underground, to rise again from beneath the sea bed some distance from the coast. Fishermen in the southern part of the Bay of Tripoli long ago noticed that the sea was unusually turbulent, very cold, and unsalty enough to drink. Aerial photography confirmed the existence of these disturbances.

STEADY FLOW

Of the 17 springs discovered, six produce a steady flow of fresh water. The biggest, half a mile offshore at a depth of 150 feet, supplies an average of 1,750 cubic feet of water a second. Water rises in a column about 500 feet across.

Ways of collecting this water are now being studied.

MORE LEANING TOWERS

Following last week's item about the leaning towers at Belfast and Pisa comes news of two more.

The 15th-century leaning tower of Samarkand, in the USSR, has now been set upright. The 970-ton tower had been five feet out of perpendicular for 30 years, but a two-month's task saw the tower supported on jacks and then moved, at the rate of half-an-inch an hour, until it was straight once more.

The fate of the leaning tower in the East German town of Stassfurt, however, is not so happy. So dangerous is the tilt that the structure, which, like the Russian one dated from the 15th century, is to be pulled down.

SAVING SEALS

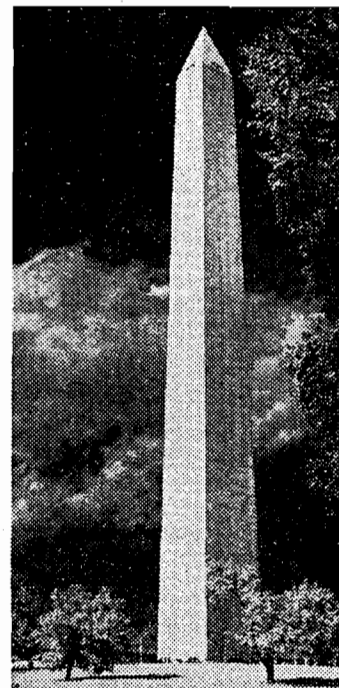
Norway and the Soviet Union have agreed to cease hunting the Greenland seal for the next five years. The agreement was due to begin in 1966, but because of the rapid decrease in the number of seals, both countries have decided to cease hunting immediately.

The Greenland seal is concentrated in three major breeding grounds between the Barents Sea and the White Sea.

NOT SO WHITE WHITE HOUSE

The famous White House in Washington is a little off colour; in fact, the effect of a sooty atmosphere has turned it to a rather grey house. President Johnson has been asking Congress, the United States Parliament, for new powers to check pollution of the atmosphere.

In the meantime the Washington Monument, which is plainly seen from the White House, is having its first clean-up in 30 years. The



The Washington Monument

cost of cleaning this 555-foot obelisk of white Maryland marble, erected on the banks of the River Potomac in honour of America's first president, will be £45,000.

BRIEFLY ...



Twenty-year-old Patricia Jeffreys, of Perth, has become the first girl in Australia to win the Duke of Edinburgh's Gold Medal Award.

Sunspots

Gorey Castle and St. Helier, both in Jersey, were the sunniest holiday spots in Britain last year.

The Government wants 1,200 graduates, of qualified volunteers, and 400 school-leavers for overseas services this year.

According to a speaker at the Belfast meeting of the Federal Council of Teachers, no primary schools in that city have been provided with television sets, while in Japan one school has two sets for each of its 36 classrooms.

Gas Line

The South Eastern Gas Board is to lay a 24-inch main, 35 miles long, in a semi-circle between East Grinstead and Esher, Surrey. It should be ready by July of next year, and will cost £2,250,000.

A Russian scientist has made what is probably the world's longest telephone call. From New Zealand's Scott Base, in the Antarctic, he spoke to his wife and family more than 12,000 miles away in Moscow.

The Worcestershire Branch of the West Midlands Trust for Nature Conservation is to make a survey to record areas in the county where rare animals, birds, insects, and plant life are to be found.

Prehistoric Turtle

The remains of a prehistoric turtle, believed to have lived 60 million years ago, have been unearthed at Sümeg, in Hungary.

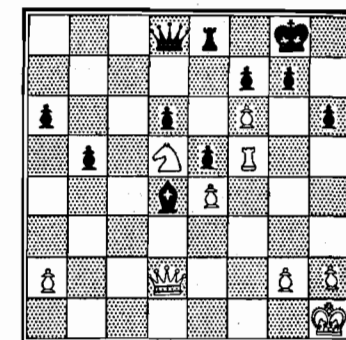
The 20th international conference of the Red Cross will be held in Vienna, capital of Austria, next October.

Gold Rush

A Goldrush Festival will be held at Tuena in New South Wales next month. There will be gold-panning competitions as well as demonstrations of early methods of mining.

side, and were narrowly defeated after an exciting match.

This week's problem is from a game played by two grandmasters. White is to play and Black resigns after two moves.



Answer on page 16 T. MARSDEN

7 DAYS' ADVENTURE FROM £7. 5s.

FOR GIRLS

walking
cycling
sailing
skin diving
riding
pony trekking
photography

FOR BOYS

walking
cycling
sailing
skin diving
canoeing
bird watching
photography
railways
fishing
mountaincraft

If you are aged 11 to 15, join a party of girls or boys on a week's holiday this summer, under expert leadership. The cost covers all you need except pocket money and includes Y.H.A. membership for this year, so you can go on hostelling after your 7 days' adventure!

To Y.H.A. HOME TOURS

Trevelyan House, St. Albans, Herts.

Please send Adventure Holiday Brochure.

NAME

ADDRESS

HT652..... Date of Birth.....

CN CHESS CLUB

HOVE Grammar School seem all set to win their zone in the Sunday Times National Schools Tournament.

Hove beat Godalming Grammar School 5-1. Liverpool Institute High School, the present holders of the trophy, are determined to repeat their performance again this year. They won their third round match against the Alfred Turner School by 6-0!

Nottingham High, who are doing very well in the Sunday Times competition, entered their team in the Midland Club Championship. They were drawn to play the strong Cedars Chess Club

CN true-life serial

All Okolo wanted was to go to school and, one day, become a teacher.

He was a simple boy, born in a forest village. When he went to live in the town of Onitsha, his uncle paid for him to go to school—for a time. Then, when his uncle would not pay any more, Okolo had to try and earn money himself for his school fees.

He tried all kinds of jobs. Eventually he managed to pay for his last term at Primary School. But, no matter how many jobs he did or how hard he worked, Okolo just could not manage to find the £100 needed for his Secondary school fees.

At last he decided to tell his troubles to the Obi—the father of all the Ibo people in Onitsha. And to call on the Obi, in his palace, was a very big thing for a rather small boy to do...

6. The Obi's Promise

IN the morning Okolo felt very small as he crossed the large open area in front of the Obi's palace. He dug his toes into the smooth gravel and did not want to move another step.

After breakfast, Okolo had taken his bath and put on his cleanest shirt. As he went out, he saw his friend Nzekwu going to school, and ducked behind a tree. He didn't want to talk with anybody before he saw the Obi.

He knew he would be in trouble with his teacher for skipping school, but as this was the first time, he didn't worry. And besides, now that he had this idea fixed in his mind, he couldn't wait.



Standing outside the palace gate, Okolo felt terribly alone

Standing in front of the palace gate, Okolo hesitated before stepping across the threshold into the inner courtyard. On his right he saw the Obi's throne; on his left there was a door opening to another court, and straight ahead there were three steps leading up towards wide wooden doors. Above these doors was written "THE ROYAL FAMILY."

But there was no-one to speak to. He felt terribly alone, and

OKOLO, boy of Nigeria



Story
and
pictures
by
**PETER
BUCKLEY**

was just about to run away when someone said, "Hello."

Startled by the voice, Okolo turned round quickly, to see a tall young man standing near the throne.

"Who would you like to see?" the young man asked pleasantly.

"I came to see His Highness, the Obi," Okolo answered, wondering where he found the courage to say these words.

"He's my father," the young man said, smiling. "He's coming down in a few minutes. You can talk to him then if you want to. My name is Ndukwe. Who are you?"

"Okolo Edeogu." Ndukwe thought for a minute, and was about to speak, but he changed his mind.

"Will your father speak to me?" Okolo asked.

"Of course," Ndukwe replied. "But what is it you want to ask him?"

Okolo only said it had to do with school.

"Would you like to see the royal drums, Okolo?" Ndukwe asked.

"Yes, I would," Okolo answered eagerly. "Are those the drums?"

"Yes. Come on up here," Ndukwe suggested, stepping up on to the platform beside the throne. "You can play them if you like, but very softly."

OKOLO felt at ease with Ndukwe, and he enjoyed the honour of tapping the gentle rhythm on the Obi's own drums.

He leaned over, putting his ear close to the drumhide to hear better, and he didn't see His Highness Okosi II, Obi of Onitsha, come down the stairs into the court behind him, accompanied by his prime minister.

"Here's my father," Ndukwe said.

Okolo stepped down into the court, fell to his knees, and placed his forehead on the ground. He stayed in this position so long that at last the Obi was forced to say, "Stand up."

Because he was afraid, Okolo didn't want to stand up. He was only too glad that the traditional greeting given to the Obi allowed him to hide his face.

When he finally did stand up, he looked into the Obi's eyes. But he couldn't speak. He had no idea where to begin. The story was too long to tell it all, and he couldn't decide which were the most important parts.

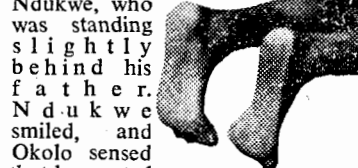
It seemed to him as if he had been in front of the Obi for hours. He was losing his opportunity to

be heard by the greatest of all Ibo chiefs. He hoped the Obi would ask him a question; maybe that would help. But the Obi stood silent, the sun shining on his crown.

Okolo felt weak. *I expect I'd better say I'm sorry, and ask his permission to leave,* he thought, wishing he'd never come.

He was about to say this, when he looked at Ndukwe, who was standing slightly behind his father. Ndukwe smiled, and Okolo sensed that he wanted to say, "It's all right, go ahead, don't be afraid. My father will listen to you."

"Your Highness... I've tried... for a long time," Okolo's first words came slowly. "Everything I earned is gone. My father sent my mother money from Kano, and she helped selling



Okolo fell to his knees and bowed down at the arrival of the Obi

vegetables at the market, after Mr. Yaro killed the elephant near Mmiata Anam."

These words came too quickly, and they made no sense. Okolo knew it and he stopped. Still the Obi said nothing.

Okolo thought more carefully. "I want to go to secondary school in January. I want to become a teacher." Okolo looked at Ndukwe, and Ndukwe nodded as if to say, "That's much better, now go on."

Okolo went on. He told his story well. He left out nothing that was important, and he didn't take too long to do it. All the time he spoke, he felt that Ndukwe was on his side. This helped him believe in himself, and he chose his words well.

WHEN he finished, the Obi said, "Very good, Okolo."

"Thank you, Your Highness," Okolo said, respectfully. "What should I do now?"

In his mind, the Obi had already decided exactly how to help him.

"You are beginning your life in a new country, in a free country, Okolo," he said. "You are lucky. Go and help to build!"

"But how, Your Highness? I'm too young."

"We must all build together," the Obi continued, as if he hadn't heard the question. And then, stepping forward, he looked directly at Okolo and said gravely, "A patient man has luck."

Okolo did not understand, and he was just about to repeat his question when the Obi turned, crossed the court, and disappeared behind the door which led to the garden.

Ndukwe came over to Okolo and said gently, "Don't forget a word he said to you. He means what he says." Okolo looked so puzzled and sad that Ndukwe added, "My father always keeps his promise."

But instead of helping Okolo, these words only confused him more. He left the palace bewildered, not knowing where to go, or what to do.

While Okolo struggled with his thoughts, Ndukwe was talking to his father in the palace garden. He told him what he had said to Okolo.

"Okolo is a fine boy," the Obi was saying. "I'm glad he came to see me. I could have told him what my idea is, but I'd prefer him to find his own way. It is better. He will continue at school."

While the Obi and his son were talking, Okolo was running home. He did not understand the advice the Obi had given him. He wanted to go back and ask him to explain.

BUT then he changed his mind. "I'll be patient, as he told me," he said to himself. "Perhaps I shall have luck. Perhaps something wonderful will happen."

To be continued
© Peter Buckley, 1964



Ndukwe, the Obi's son, invited Okolo to play his father's drums



LOOKING AT THE SKY

By
Patrick
Moore

THREE PLANETS LYING IN LEO

LEO, the Lion, is one of the most splendid of the northern constellations. It is easy to locate by using the stars of the Great Bear, or Plough, as direction-finders. The two stars at the end of the Bear show the way to the Pole Star; if you use these "pointers" in the reverse direction, they will arrive at Leo.

Leo itself contains one particularly bright star, Regulus. Also very noticeable is the "Sickle," which is made up of a curved line of stars rather like the shape of a question-mark twisted the wrong way round; and some way off there is a prominent triangle, of which the brightest member is Denebola.

At the moment, Leo is of special interest, because three planets lie in it: Mars, Uranus, and Pluto.

Visible All Night

Mars, of course, is much the brightest of the three. It is of magnitude minus 1, and is visible all night. It is closest to us on 12th March, when its distance from the Earth will be just over 62 million miles. At this moment, the Sun, the Earth, and Mars will be in almost a straight line, with the Earth in the middle, so that Mars will be due south at midnight.

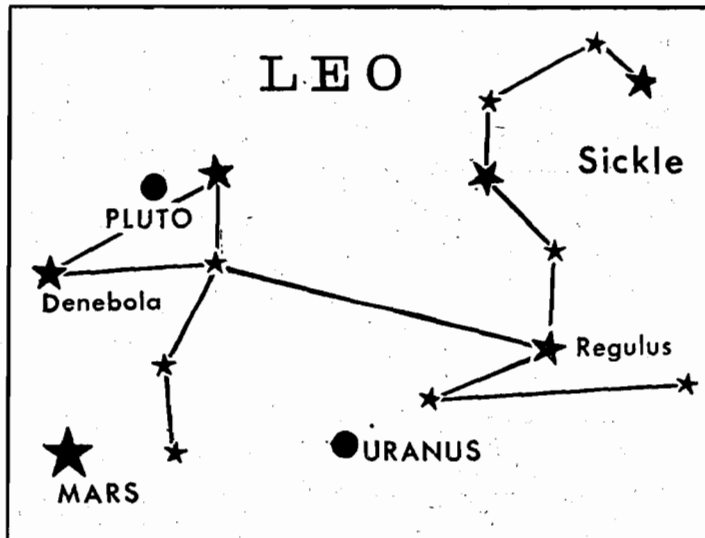
Mars cannot possibly be mistaken. It is brighter than any star

apart from Sirius, and it is strongly red in colour. A telescope will show the broad reddish tracts on its disc, together with the darker areas that are believed to be due to vegetation, and also the white, icy or frosty cap covering the planet's north pole. The polar cap was very large a few months ago, but is now shrinking rapidly in the Martian spring.

Underground Water

There are no seas on Mars, but there must be a little moisture, and there may even be underground water supplies. We may possibly learn more from the two rockets now on their way towards it—the American Mariner IV and the Russian probe Zond II—though neither vehicle seems to be functioning perfectly, and contact with them may well have been lost before they approach Mars toward the middle of next July.

Few modern astronomers believe Mars to be inhabited, but at least the dark patches of vegetation show that there is life of a kind.



The constellation Leo and the three planets—Mars, Uranus and Pluto.

The second planet in Leo, Uranus, is not far from Mars in the sky, but is only just visible without a telescope. Even when seen, it looks exactly like a faint star, though a telescope will reveal its small greenish disc.

Uranus is much larger than Mars or the Earth. Its diameter is 29,300 miles, so that it ranks as a giant. Yet its density is much less,

for instead of being solid and rocky, Uranus is composed of gas. It is at present slightly more than 1,600 million miles from us and is a slow mover, taking 84 years to go once round the Sun. The temperature there is very low. A thermometer would register more than 300 degrees below zero Fahrenheit!

Users of small telescopes will be able to identify Uranus without much trouble, but they cannot hope to do the same for

remote Pluto, which also lies in Leo at the moment. Pluto is not far from the star known to astronomers as Delta Leonis, but it is too faint to be seen except with fairly powerful telescopes.

Pluto was discovered as recently as 1930. It is a small world, probably about half the diameter of the Earth, much the same size as Mars. (Recent measures make it 3,600 miles across, as against the 4,219 miles of Mars.) It is the outermost member of the solar system, and takes over 247 years to complete one journey round the Sun.

Long Stay

Because Pluto is so far away, it seems to move very slowly, and it will stay in Leo for a long time yet. We know very little about it, but we may be sure that it is lifeless and bitterly cold. From Pluto, the Sun would look like a very brilliant star.

Of the other planets, Jupiter is an evening object, setting in the west about midnight, while Saturn and Venus are to all intents and purposes out of view.

Elusive Planet

However, the quick-moving, elusive little planet Mercury should be seen with the naked eye for a few evenings on either side of 21st March. Look for it in the west immediately after sunset, and you will probably see it, shining as a fairly bright, slightly pinkish star.

This is, in fact, the best time this year for seeing Mercury without a telescope.

SCIENCE SURVEY

by a CN Science
Correspondent



TV FROM COAL

WHAT SORT OF LANDING ON THE MOON?

SCIENTISTS all over the world have been thrilled by the photographs of the Moon taken from the US spacecraft, Ranger 8. There were some 7,000 shots, and much will be learned from them.

Although these photographs present the clearest view yet of Moon's surface, scientists are still in doubt about one very important factor—whether or not the surface is covered with thick dust into which a manned craft from Earth would sink and be lost.

Treacherous

Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, chief of the team which will spend months processing the Moon pictures at a laboratory in Pasadena, California, said: "The Moon's surface is covered with a lava-like material.

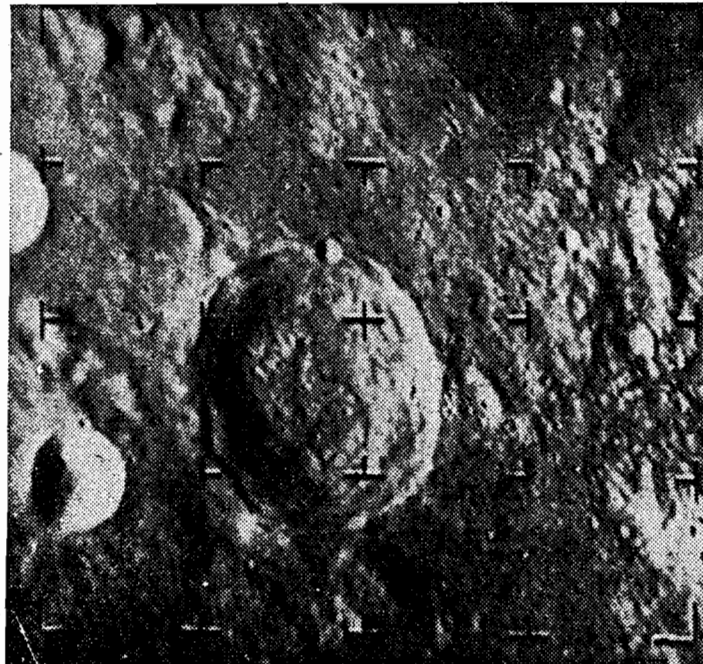
"If this material is lava, it will be shot through with caverns and tunnels. This could be very tricky and treacherous stuff. A man could step forward and the tunnel would give way."

The opposite view is taken by

Mr. Ewen D. Whitaker, of Arizona University. He feels that the dust seemingly covering the Moon would "probably compact under the weight of a landing craft, at least enough to make landings feasible."

Meanwhile, another US scientist has been more concerned about whether a great mass once broke away from Earth to become the Moon.

Dr. John O'Keefe has a theory that geological disturbances deep inside the Earth may be due to "scars" left when the Moon tore itself away from the mother planet. He said that this concept is still far from established, though scientists have speculated for several decades that the Moon was created from material broken away from Earth. The idea has received support through measurements taken by artificial satellites.



According to Dr. O'Keefe, "instabilities" about 4,000 to 5,000 million years ago caused the Earth to assume the shape of a cigar, and to become increasingly flatter until some material broke off. In time, the broken-off mass became the Moon, drifting farther and farther from Earth in a gradually widening orbit.

This picture, one of 7,126 transmitted by the American Ranger 8 spacecraft, was taken seven minutes and 470 miles from the Moon. The huge feature in the centre of the picture is of the 32-mile-wide Delambre Crater, and above that (right) can be seen the "shores" of the Sea of Tranquility.

IN an American research laboratory a standard television set is being worked by a handful of powdered coal.

Westinghouse engineers are using the experiment to demonstrate an experimental 100-watt fuel cell system which converts gases from coal into electricity.

The system consists of a fuel cell battery having 400 thimble-size fuel cells, plus a chemical reactor for producing volatile gases from the coal. Both the reactor and battery operate at high temperature—1,800 degrees Fahrenheit.

Stacks of Cells

The 400 fuel cells are small ceramic cylinders, connected together, electrically and mechanically, by fitting them together end to end. Electrical contact is made through metal electrodes plated on the inside and outside of each cylinder.

The cells, arranged in 20 stacks of 20 cells each, are electrically connected to form two parallel strings of 200 cells in series. In laboratory tests, the battery of cells has achieved a power output 15 per cent. greater than the design-value of 100 watts (100 volts at one ampere of current).

**SEE WHY No. 10****THE TRAVELLING PRINCE**

WHY?

Prince Philip is now in the middle of an extended world tour. What is the purpose of tours like this, and why are they so important?

Tours and visits such as those to which the Queen and Prince Philip give so much of their time are important because they make for a closer understanding between the peoples of the world.

Major overseas tours carried out by Prince Philip on his own account in the past twelve years include :

1954. Three weeks tour of Canada in July, covering 10,000 miles. He opened the British Empire Games in Vancouver, travelled in the Yukon and visited an Eskimo settlement.

1956. Four months Commonwealth tour, mid-October to February 1957, after opening Olympic Games in Melbourne. Visited New Zealand and many British colonial islands including Deception, the South Shetlands group, Tristan da Cunha (the loneliest in the world), and St. Helena.

1959. Three months tour between January and April beginning with visit to India, followed by a cruise in the royal yacht *Britannia* to British territories in the Far East and Pacific including Singapore, Sarawak, Brunei, North Borneo, Hong Kong, the Solomon Islands, the Gilbert and Ellice Islands, Christmas Island (where Britain tested nuclear bombs), the Bahamas, and Bermuda.

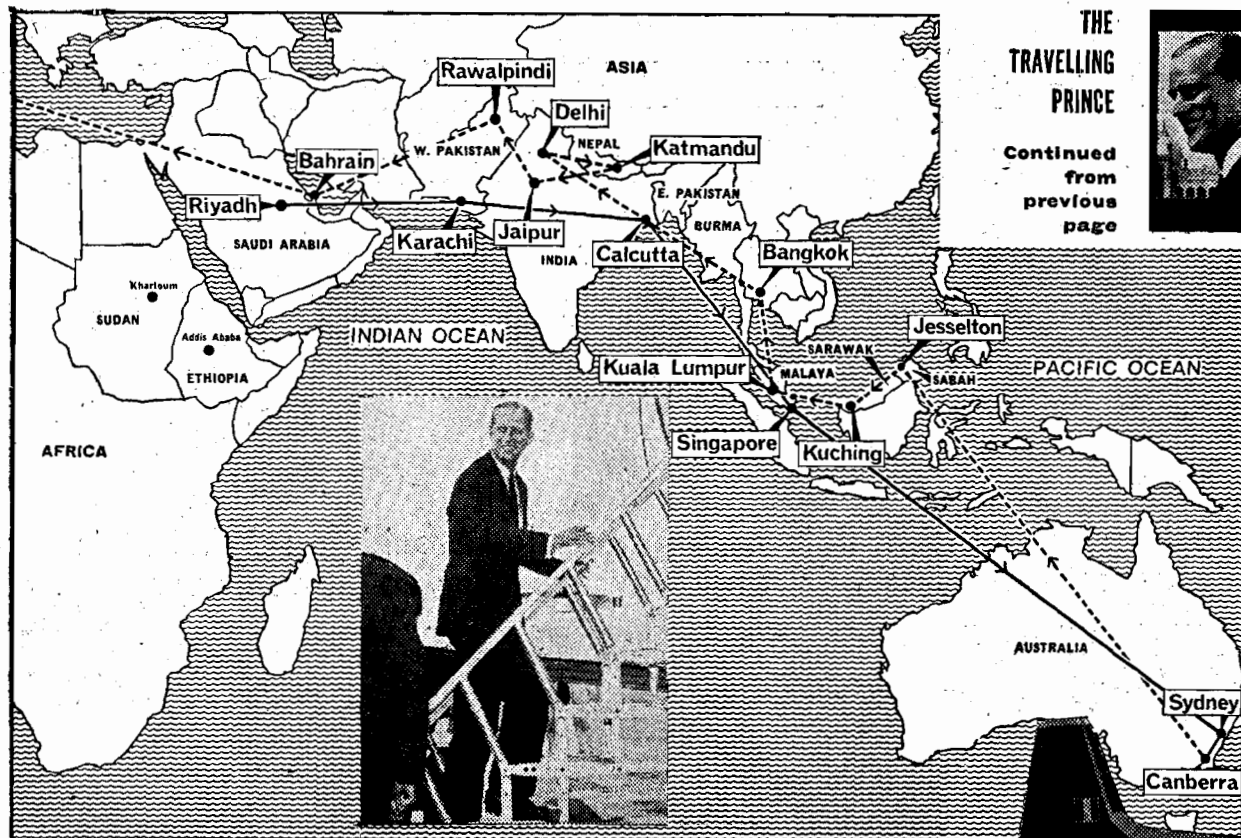
1962. Toured South America from February to April, travelling over 36,000 miles, mostly piloting his own aircraft.

1964. In October and November visited Mexico, the Galapagos Islands and Panama and toured the British West Indian islands.

The pictures on the next three pages show places Prince Philip has visited or will visit on his present tour.

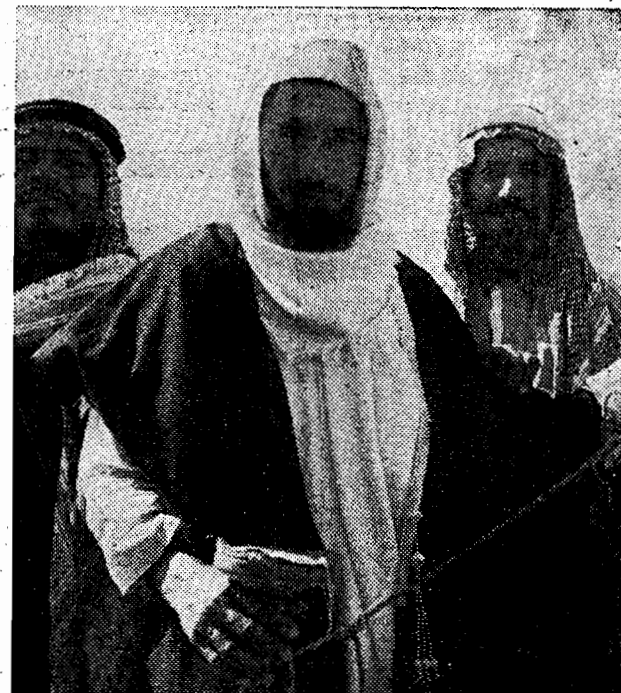


Prince Philip has now tried most kinds of transport. Here, with the Queen, he is on an elephant tour of Benares, India.



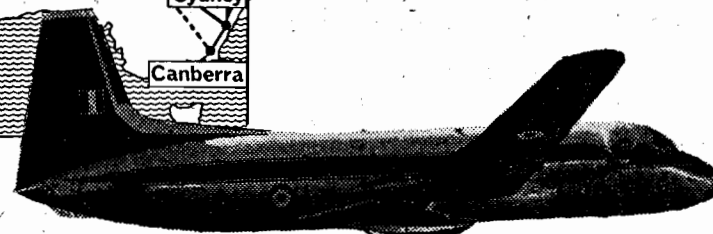
THE TRAVELLING PRINCE

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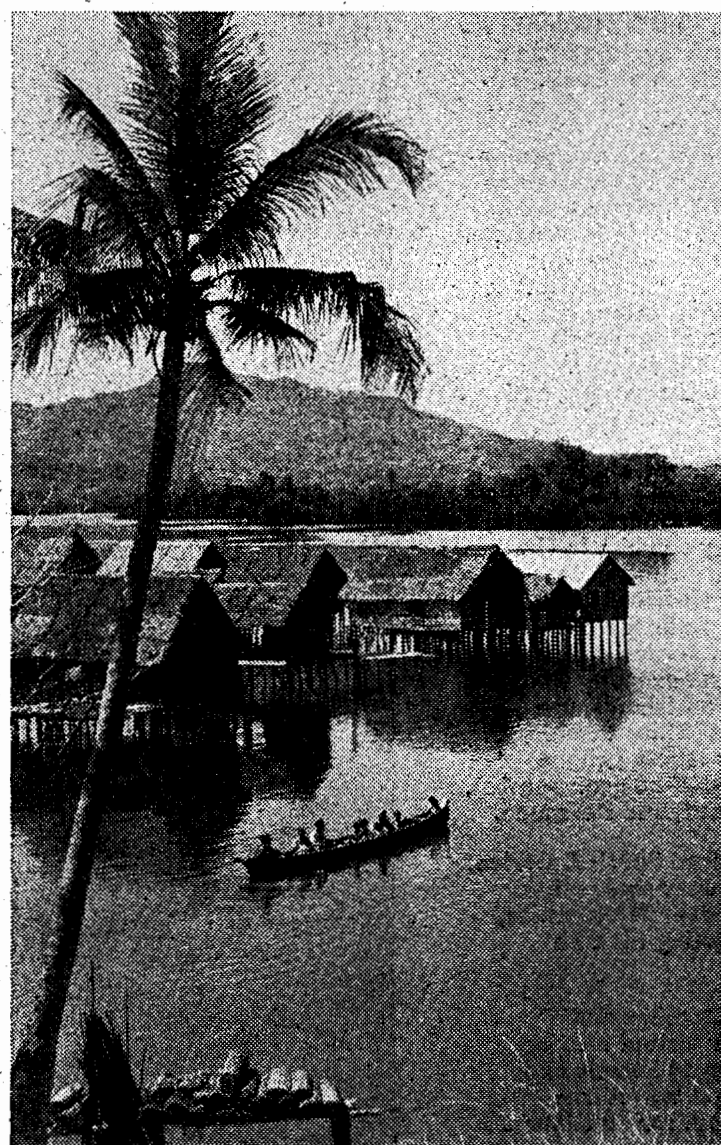
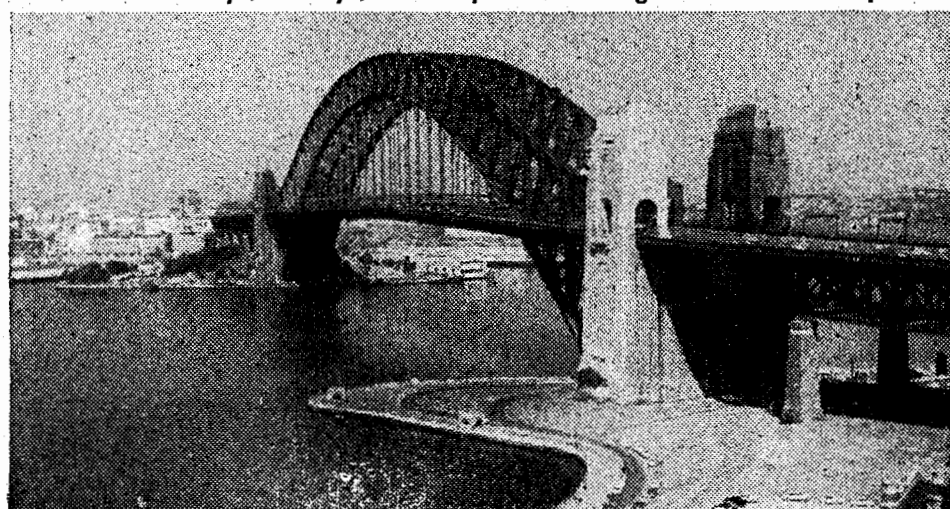
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Map of Prince Philip's tour. Solid lines show outward journey: broken lines the homeward journey. (Right) Hawker Siddeley Andover used for most of the tour.



SINGAPORE 17th-19th February. Singapore, called the Clapham Junction of the Orient, owing to its position, is like the Isle of Wight in shape, though a little larger in size. And London's markets are quiet compared to the one above!

SYDNEY 20th-26th February. The oldest city in Australia, boasting the most impressive bridge. Opened in 1932, Sydney Harbour Bridge is 2½ miles long and carries roadways, railways, and footpaths. Painting it is a continuous process.



SABAH 27th February-4th March. A view of Mengkabong village in Sabah—once the British colony of North Borneo. Much of the land is flooded, so the houses are built on stilts.

SARAWAI
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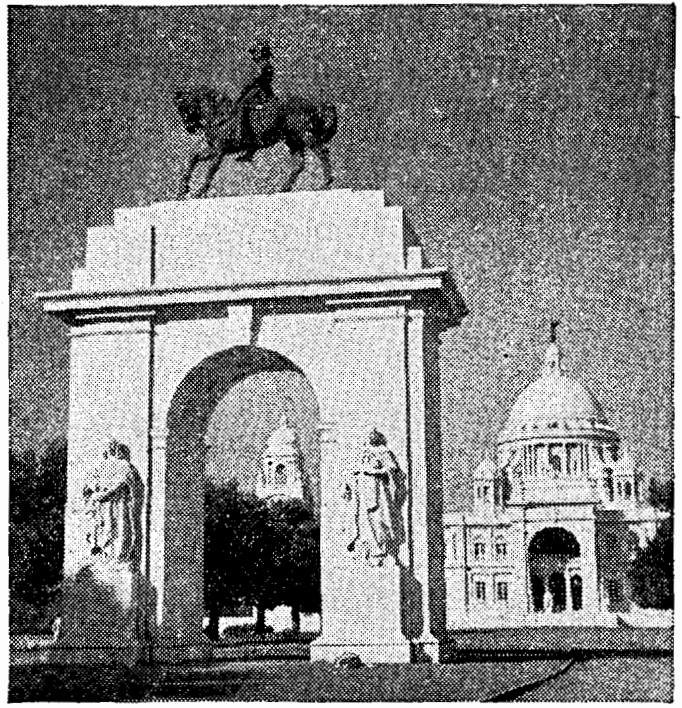
2th-15th February. Joint capital of Saudi Arabia, Mecca, 500 miles from the sea. This is a desert town. Above, Prince Salman, Governor, and Prince Fahd, King Faisal's son, with Prince Philip with two parrots like the one in this picture.



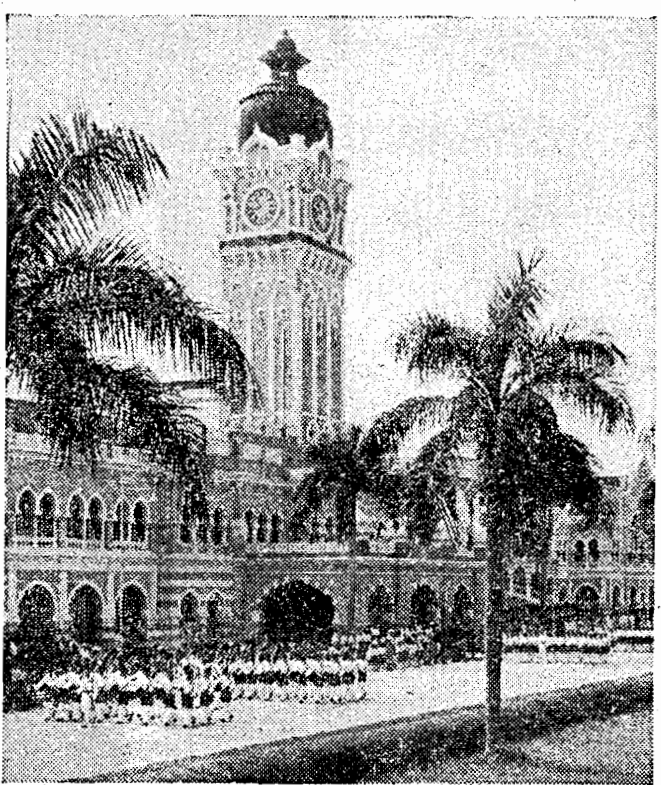
27th February—4th March. This girl from Thailand is wearing traditional dress.



KARACHI 15th February. Until 1959, Karachi was the capital of Pakistan, and its chief seaport. Originally a fishing village, the city contains remains of the ancient town of Tatta—a contrast to these modern multi-story office buildings.



CALCUTTA 16th February. Above, the Victoria Memorial Hall, with a statue of Edward VII on the gates—a monument to the days when Britain ruled India.

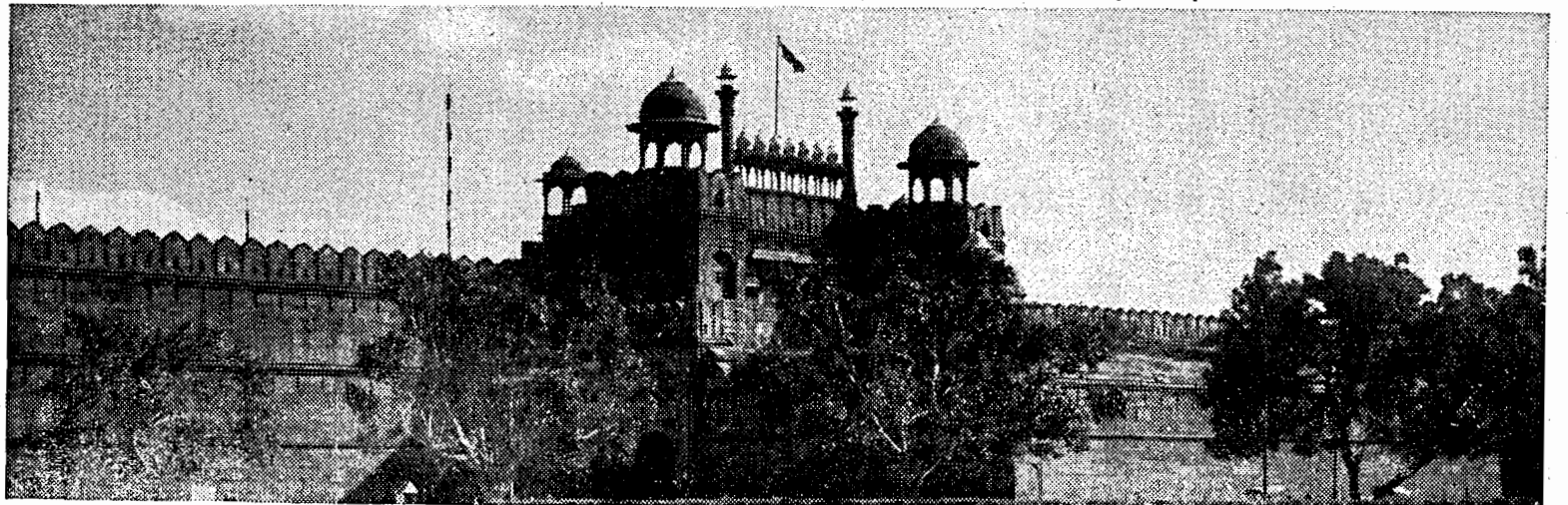


KUALA LUMPUR 4th-6th March. A parade in front of the splendid Government buildings of this picturesque capital of the Malaysian Federation.



BANGKOK 6th-9th March. Entirely different from Western ideas, Siamese dancing is very difficult. These dancers from Thailand's State Dancing and Music Institute in Bangkok have been trained from infancy.

DELHI 9th-12th March. This city—still called Shah Jehanabad by some—was founded by the Mogul leader, Shah Jehan. A great architect, Shah Jehan built not only the world-famous Taj Mahal, at Agra, but also this beautiful imperial palace, known as the Red Fort.





THE TRAVELLING PRINCE
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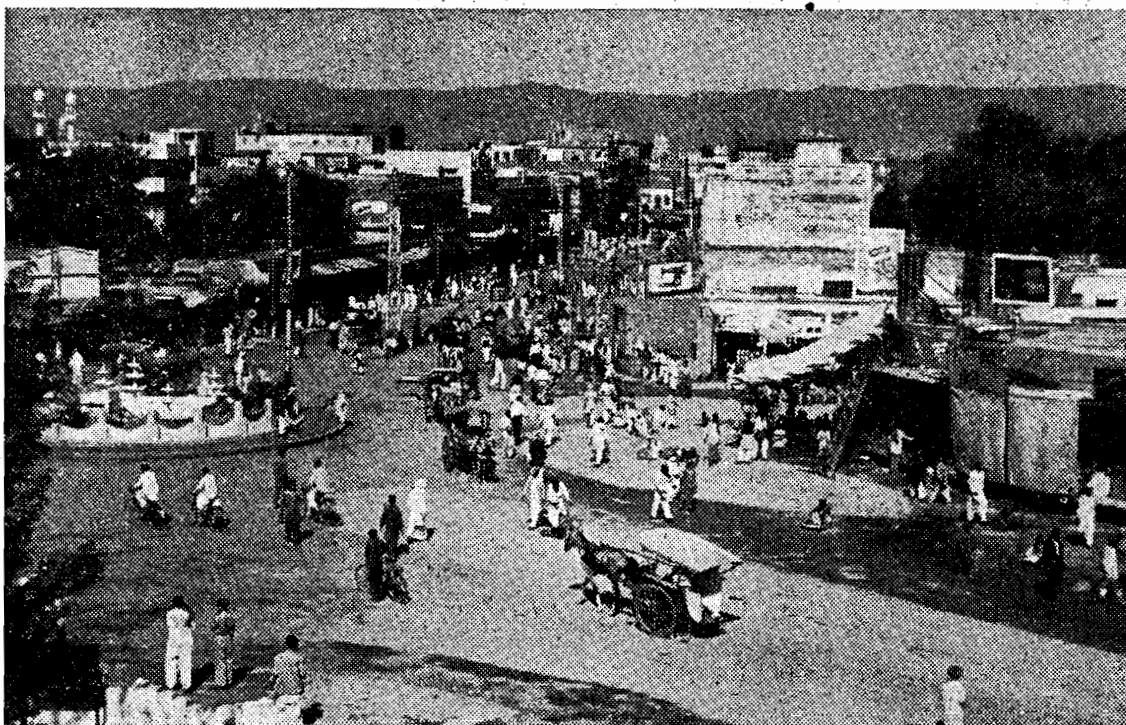
KATMANDU 12th-15th March. Capital of Nepal. This magnificent Hindu temple is in Bhatgaon, one of the three ancient cities of the Valley of Katmandu.

THE TOUR CONTINUES

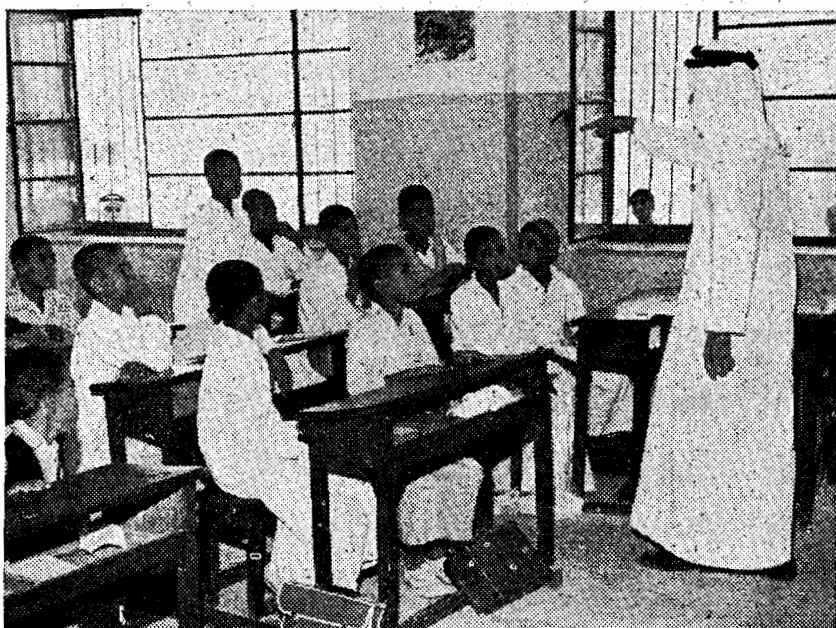
These places are still to be visited by Prince Philip



JAIPUR 15th-21st March. City of colour—that is Jaipur. The houses are painted, and trades include jewel-cutting and cloth colour-printing. Founded in 1728 by the astronomer Maharaja Jai Singh, Jaipur has a lovely palace and an open-air observatory.



RAWALPINDI 21st-23rd March. Rawalpindi gives its name to a district in the Punjab Province of Pakistan. It was once the largest military station in India before Pakistan became an independent country.



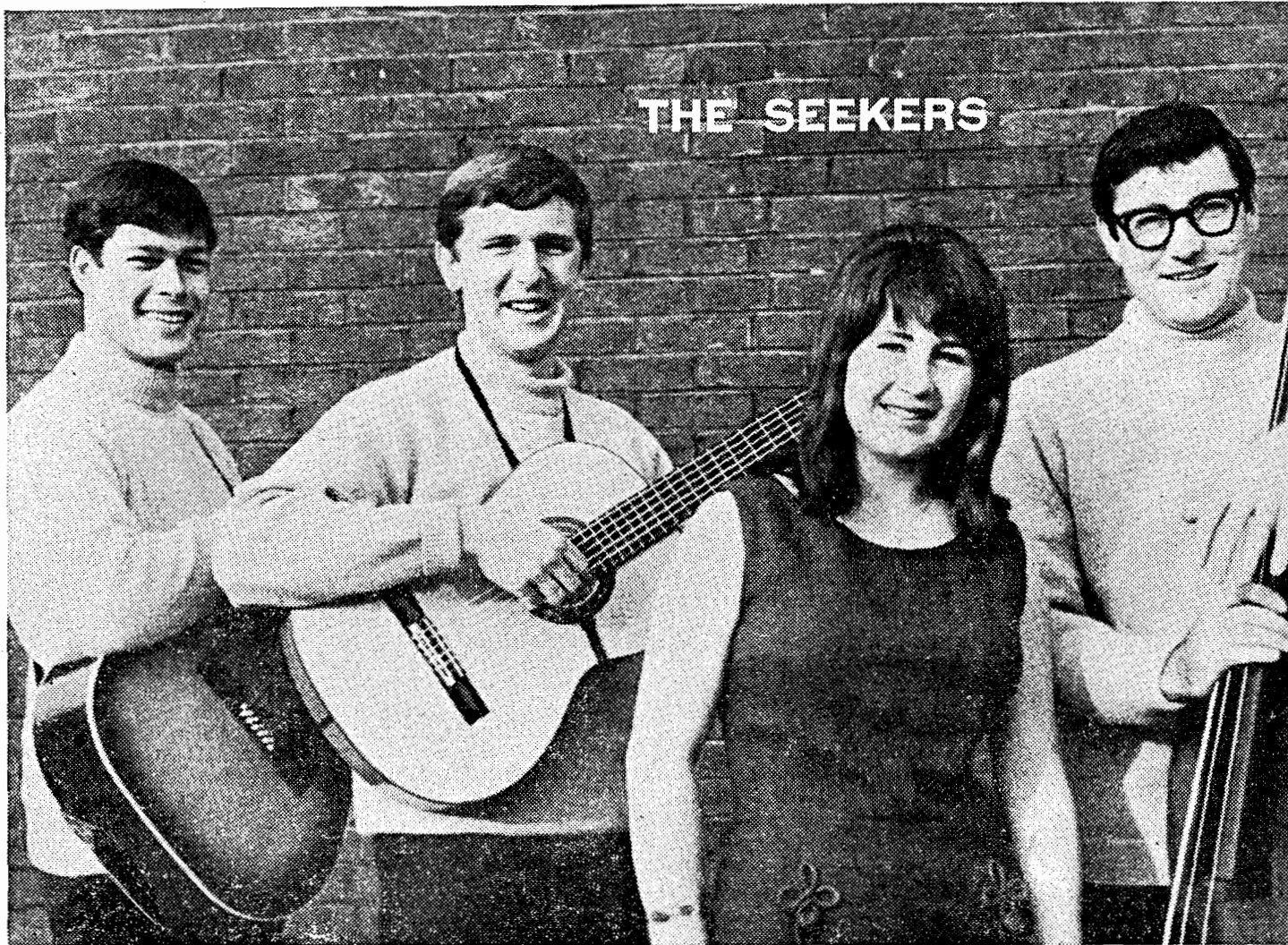
BAHRAIN 24th March. In the Persian Gulf, Bahrain is an island only 27 miles long and ten miles wide, and its capital, Manama, has a population of 62,000. Yet this tiny sheikhdom is world-famous for oil-wells and pearl fishing. The people are well-known for their commercial ability and intelligence, though schooling is not compulsory. In this picture is seen a typical village school for young boys.



Prince Philip's tours have always been a great success—he is now popularly called Emir Philip in Saudi Arabia. His cheerful smile and ready wit and humour have made him become Britain's Number One Ambassador Abroad.

POP SPOT

Meet **THE SEEKERS**—one of the liveliest Folk - Singing groups in the "pop" business



ALMOST a year ago, a group called **THE SEEKERS** (three boys and one girl) came to Britain from Melbourne, Australia. Within three weeks they were appearing on the top TV Palladium show!

Their hard-hitting, stylish sound impressed both the public and the agents. Bookings began to roll in for tours, TV, Radio, Clubs, Variety Shows, and Pantomime.

Without using amplifying equipment (as most other groups do) The Seekers are able to produce the particular kind of sound that took them to the Top with their disc, *I'll Never Find Another You*, especially written for them by Dusty Springfield's brother, Tom.

Athol Guy (bass) dislikes people who admit to favouring only one kind of music.

Keith Potger (guitar) hopes to make sufficient money to start a collection of vintage cars.

Bruce Woodley (Spanish guitar) especially enjoys Folk music and hates racial discrimination.

Judith Durham (vocalist) hates artificiality of any kind, whether it is flowers, people—or hair!

SPECIALLY FOR GIRLS

BUSINESS IS BOOMING AT MELANIE'S SCHOOL

WHEN ten-year-old Melanie Harker, of Scholes, near Leeds, made a gonk-type doll for her baby brother, she had no idea that she would be starting up a business. But, that is exactly what happened.

A neighbour was so impressed with Melanie's first "gonkey" toy that she asked if Melanie would make one for her. Soon they became such a craze in the area that Melanie had to ask some of her friends to help supply the sudden demand.

Then she got an idea to form a company to market her home-made gonkey-dolls. In this way, she thought she could help to raise funds for the £1,000 swimming pool which her school—the Scholes Primary School—

SISTERS



"I don't like the way my eggs are staring at me!"

hoped to build. The idea caught on, and now Melanie has the entire school working on her production - line manufacturing gonkey-dolls in three different sizes, which sell from 1s. to 10s. each. And they plan to make larger, more expensive models to meet the growing demand.

Her headmaster, Mr. F. W. Amery says, "It is an entirely out-of-school activity thought up by Melanie, and I must say that it shows admirable initiative."

The children are allowed to use their Housecraft room as a workshop in which to stitch, stuff, and shape the dolls, which keeps all the helpers very busy after school.

Melanie, who supervises all the work, says: "It's wonderful having so many customers, and we hope to raise a lot of money towards the swimming pool fund."



Melanie Harker, who started a school gonkey-doll business

THE TALLEST TREE

IN the grounds of the Notre Dame Convent School at Lingfield, Surrey, is a giant redwood tree. Although the children have not been able to measure it accurately, it is thought to be nearly 180 feet high. In the absence of counter-claims, they proudly declare their tree to be the tallest in the county.

It is also likely to be among the tallest in the country. The Natural History Museum records show that, when measured in 1955, a 180-foot conifer (an *Abies Alba*) situated in Kilbridge, Inverary, Argyllshire, was considered to be, if not the tallest, one of the tallest trees in Britain.

The tallest known redwood in Britain is a 165-foot-high specimen growing at Fonthill Abbey, Wiltshire.

The English name for the giant redwood tree, or sequoia, of California is *Wellingtonia*. Growth rings show that some specimens felled have been more than 3,000 years old.



The Lingfield redwood tree

STUDENTS AT THE IDEAL HOME

If you plan to visit this year's *Daily Mail* Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia, London (it's open until 27th March) don't miss the Hornsey College of Arts and Crafts stand, where you can see the students working on textiles, ceramics, jewellery and other fascinating mediums.

TO COOK IN JAMAICA

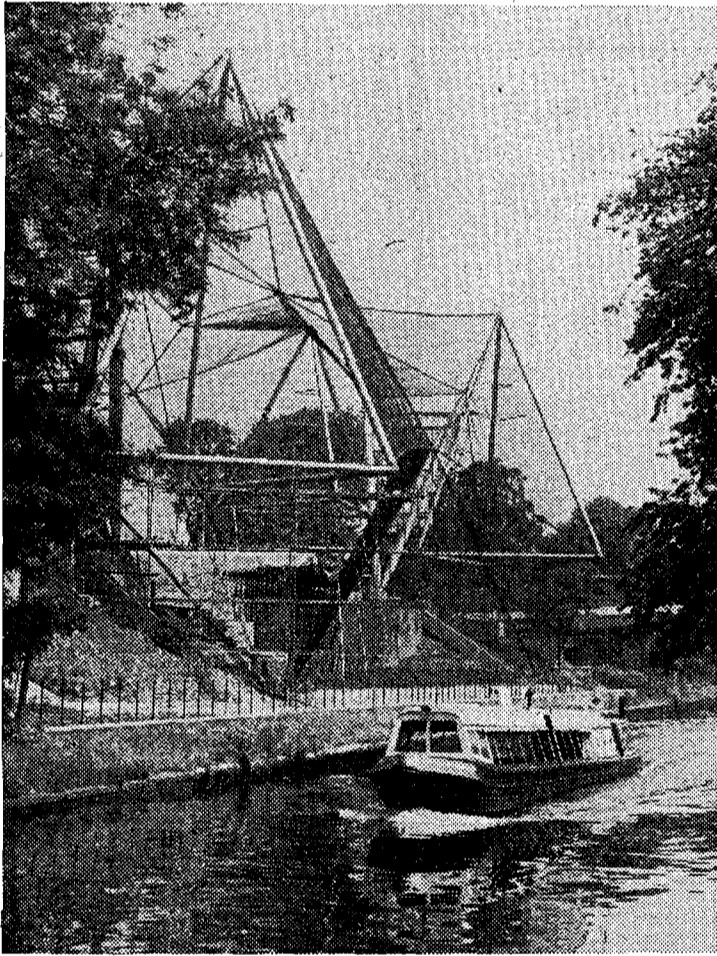
Domestic Science teacher Elizabeth Cowton, of Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is to spend six months in Jamaica teaching cooking and needlework.

Her visit is sponsored by the National Federation of Young Farmers Clubs, under the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

Vicky



NEWS FROM THE ZOO



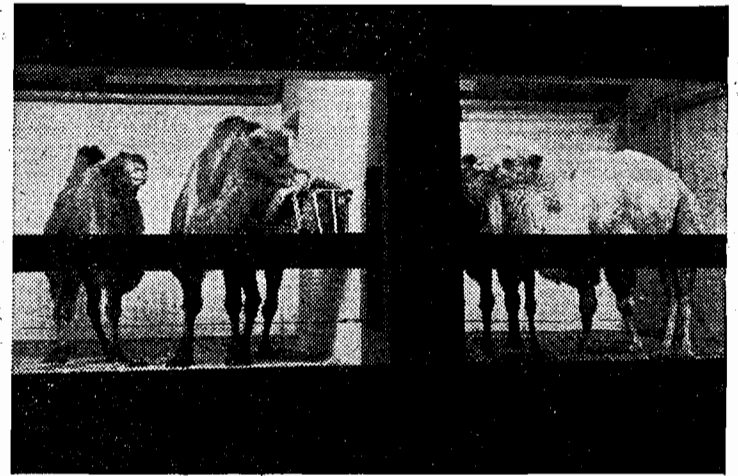
PAVILION FOR THE RHINOS

ALL sorts of exciting-looking new buildings have been going up at Regent's Park. You have probably seen pictures of the Northern Aviary, supported on big poles like ship's derricks, which opens to visitors this spring.

There is also a strikingly designed new pavilion for rhinos and elephants, and the new Camel House, where the big animals stand on stages behind a low barrier but have no bars in front of them. Iron bars always suggest a prison, and their absence here is a great improvement.

So is the redesigning of the border of the Regent's Canal, which now provides a pleasant waterside walk below the big new aviary. And there is a very

The Northern Aviary, designed by Lord Snowdon, and the riverside walk at Regent's Park



In the new Camel House at the London Zoo

modern new bridge from one bank to the other.

The zoo now covers 36 acres, and contains about 2,500 mammals and birds.

Not all the additions to the zoo are wild animals. Some are pets whose owners have been unable to keep them. For instance, not long ago a Lancashire man who had hand-reared a fluffy fox cub until it was full-grown, presented it to Regent's Park.

Dangerous Pet

The problem was that a full-grown fox often turns out to be a rather dangerous pet, however delightful it may have been as a cub. Secondly, having been reared by a human instead of a vixen, it would not be trained for wild life, and so would probably soon die or be killed if released in the countryside. The best

solution, therefore, was to give it to the zoo.

Another pet which has recently reached the same good home is a White-crowned Mangabey—a long-nosed monkey from West Africa. It was bought as a pet but, when the owner got it home, the landlady did not like the look of the new tenant. She said she wasn't running a monkey house! So the zoo got a White-crowned Mangabey.

Bird lovers will be interested in a gift of 14 tanagers (not to be confused with teenagers) presented by a gentleman from Rio de Janeiro. Tanagers are South American birds, rather like our finches, except that they are very gorgeously coloured. Some of them sing nicely, too. They are going to be kept all together in an aviary in the centre of the Bird House.

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE



POLLUTING OUR RIVERS

I SAID recently that I hoped to tell you something about the pollution that many of our rivers and lakes and ponds are suffering from today. I think we had better start by understanding what is meant when we say that water is "polluted."

In non-technical terms it means that substances which are not normally present in water get into it and, in a sense, poison it—sometimes making it unfit for supporting the living things it contains.

What kinds of substances of this nature affect fresh waters, and how do they get there?

To answer this fully one would need a list longer than our arms!

Waste from factories and other industrial plants; agricultural chemicals; careless dumping of household refuse; inefficient sewage systems, and the foam from a too-generous use of detergents—all these can cause pollution. There are also cases where poachers deliberately put poison into rivers as a quick way of getting fish which these criminals—for that is what they are—sell at a big profit.

Sheer neglect can also cause pollution when rubbish of all types is thrown into ponds or other waterways.

All the examples I have given are acts of man which could

easily be avoided with a little care and thought.

It is, of course, against the law to pollute waters; but it is not always easy to trace the source and take action against the offenders.

Not every case of pollution produces immediate effects, and this makes the detection of the exact cause much more difficult.

**by
Maxwell Knight**

Sometimes the poisoning of streams and ponds does not result in scores of fish being found dead. It may be that a piece of water will gradually decline in its plant and animal populations.

What can happen is that a certain amount of some toxic substance, such as weed-killer, may be washed into the water, and this slowly kills off some of the aquatic weeds, which are the breeding and hiding-places of the hundreds of species of insects and other small creatures fish depend on for food. If the plant life decreases, so will

the food supplies of the fish. This will mean that by degrees what was once a healthy river or lake declines, and all its living inhabitants suffer.

Anything which lessens the amount of oxygen in water will affect, directly or indirectly, everything that lives in it.

I hope I have told you enough for you to understand the main causes and effects of water pollution; but you may well be asking yourselves whether anything is being done to combat this menace?

The answer is yes. Throughout the country there are River Boards whose job it is to see that the waters under their control are clean. These bodies do their best, and will take legal action when they can get evidence. But they have a hard task because, as more and more factories are built, as well as more and more new houses, which must have drains, and greater amounts of farm chemicals are used, it is clear that the work of keeping natural waters pure must become increasingly difficult.

Fortunately, there is also a private organisation which has done much good work and will do even better as it grows in



Everything from Christmas trees to mattresses was found on the bed of this canal

strength. This is the Anglers' Co-operative Association, which is campaigning against pollution and also investigating its causes. The Association has been successful in many prosecutions against offenders, and it should be supported not only by anglers, but by everyone who is interested in healthy waters.

If any of your relations are fishermen and they are not yet

members, tell them about the ACA—it is well worth joining.

If only all factories would take care of their "waste"; if farmers would see that no old containers which have held toxic chemicals are ever dumped in ditches or streams; and if all people would refrain from throwing tins and other rubbish into ponds, there would soon be a marked improvement.

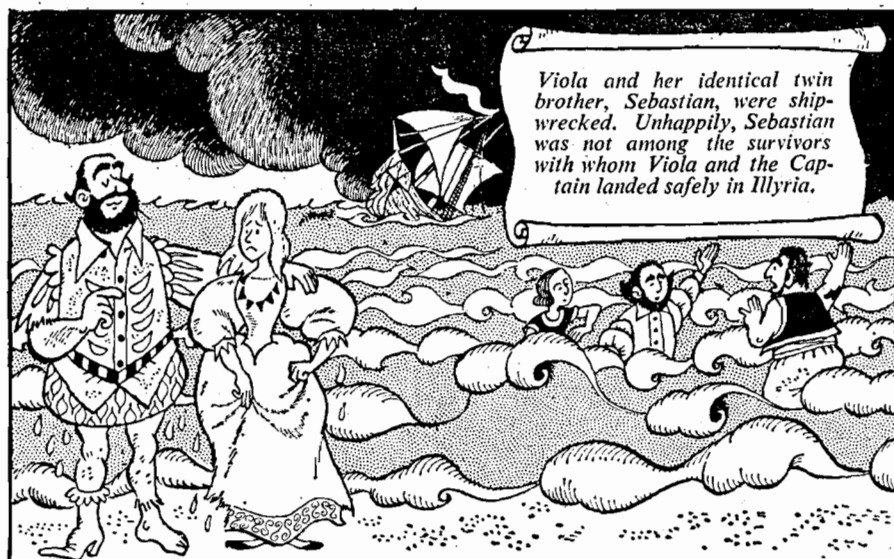
CN picture
serial

Presenting another of the most famous
of Shakespeare's plays in a special way

Part
One



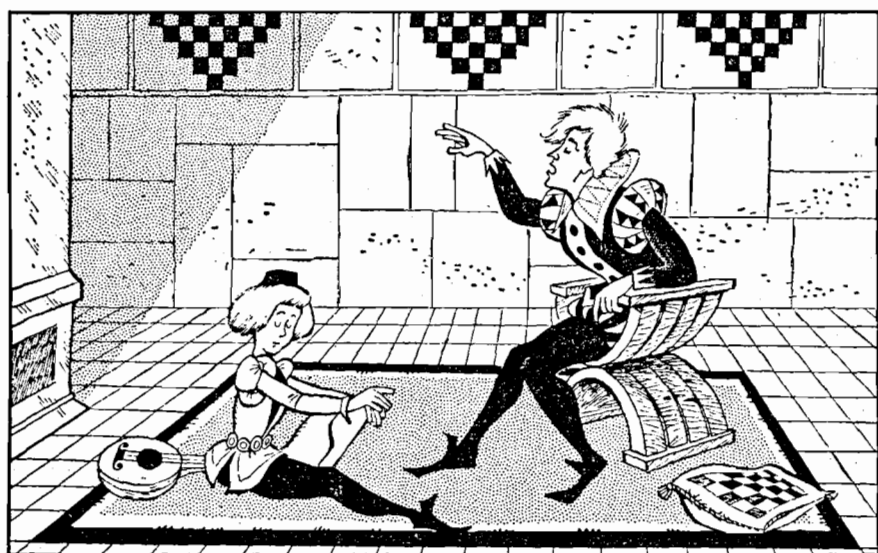
Twelfth Night



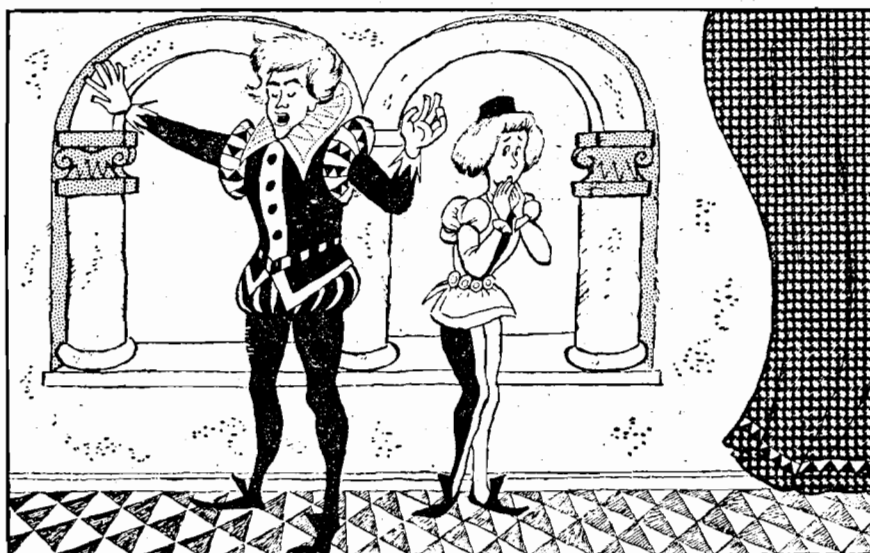
1. When the Captain reassuringly told Viola that he had last seen Sebastian clinging to a broken mast, she was hopeful that her brother might have landed safely elsewhere. Meanwhile, the Captain, who had been born in that part of the world, told her Orsini was Duke of Illyria. He also told Viola that Orsini loved Olivia, who, on the death of her father and brother, had sworn never to love any man again.



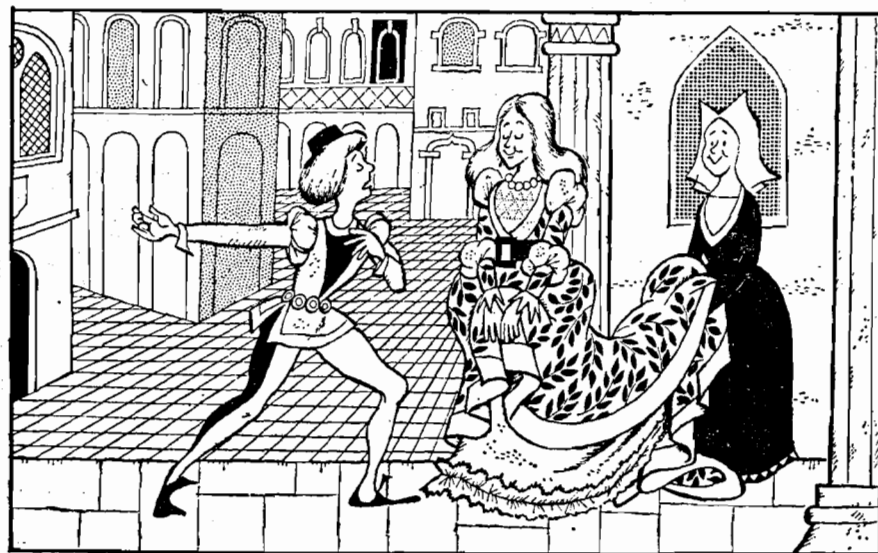
2. Determined not to brood over the loss of her brother, Viola thought she might be of help to Olivia. Then she changed her mind as the more exciting idea of becoming the Duke's page-boy occurred to her. Although the Captain thought it strange that a girl should want to work as a boy, he agreed to help. At once, Viola gave him money and instructions to buy her some clothes exactly like those her twin had worn.



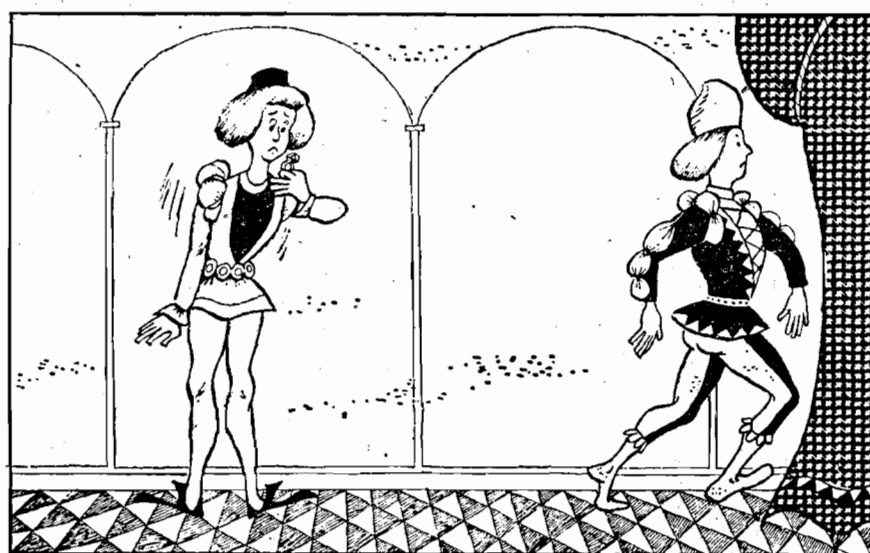
3. The Captain then introduced Viola to Duke Orsini as a boy named Cesario. Soon she became not only the Duke's favourite attendant but his confidant as well. Then the unforeseen happened. Viola fell in love with Orsini! This caused her much sadness, for it became increasingly hard for her to have to listen to all Orsini endured for love of Olivia, while enduring the same heartaches in her love for Duke Orsini!



4. Believing Cesario to be a boy, Duke Orsini had no idea of the suffering he caused his page as he poured out to him his feelings of love for Olivia. Loving Orsini so much, Viola thought that everyone else should admire him, too. She even went so far as to hint that it was a great pity that he should waste his affections on one who was so blind to his love and charm as Olivia . . . who refused even to see him!



5. But Orsini brushed Viola's suggestions aside with ready excuses. Doggedly he persisted in trying to get Olivia to see him—but in vain. At last, he sent Cesario to plead for him . . . And when Olivia saw "Cesario," she was at once much attracted to "him." Despite inequality of age and fortune (and that Cesario was pleading Orsini's love for her!) she fell head over heels in love with the supposed page-boy.



6. While Cesario tried to get Olivia to see Duke Orsini, Olivia was thinking of ways to make Cesario aware of her love for him. Seemingly, he had not noticed her soft words and admiring glances. So, she sent him a ring. At once Viola realised the significance. Olivia loved her as Cesario! Disguise is wicked, she decided. It makes Olivia sigh for me as I for Orsini. She might as well love a dream as me!



FREE!

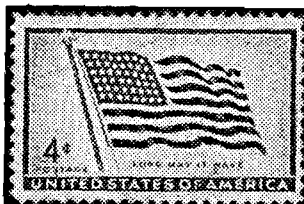
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WORLD OF STAMPS

MAKING A "MAXIMUM CARD"

A COLLECTOR who saw "Maximum Cards" offered for sale in an American stamp magazine has written to ask me what they are. Other collectors also may be puzzled by this expression, so here is a brief explanation.

For a maximum card you need a picture postcard and a postage stamp whose design has exactly the same picture as the postcard. The stamp is then stuck on the picture side of the postcard and postmarked in the usual way, preferably with a neat hand-postmark. The result is a maximum card.

Most collectors concentrate on one theme for their cards. They may choose views of cathedrals, statues, famous paintings, aircraft, or railway engines. Obtaining the stamps is often an easy matter, at least compared with tracking down the necessary picture postcards.

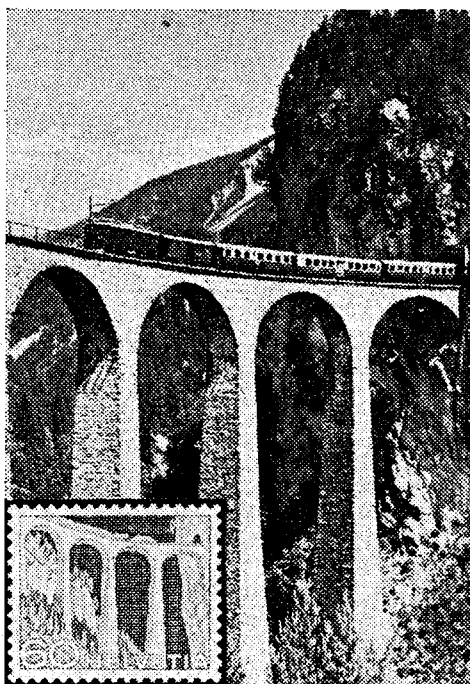
The illustration on right shows a maximum card from Switzerland. The postcard has a view of the Landwasser railway viaduct, near Filisur. In the bottom left-hand corner is a 60-centimes stamp showing an almost identical view of the viaduct.

Collecting maximum cards has been a popular branch of philately for many years in the United States, and in most

By C. W. Hill

European countries too. But in Britain there are several handicaps.

The first is that the GPO particularly asks us not to stick stamps on the picture side of postcards, where they are difficult to see and may be missed by the postmarking machine.



Again, few British stamps have suitable designs for maximum cards. The four high values—2s. 6d., 5s., 10s., and £1—show views of historic castles, but only very wealthy collectors can afford to buy £1 stamps and use them on postcards. This, no doubt, explains why maximum cards are not widely collected in Britain.

Perhaps the new stamps we are to have during 1965 may include some with views suitable for making maximum cards. Even then, the GPO will not be too pleased!

FROM the Dutch Antilles, a group of islands in the Caribbean Sea, comes an attractive stamp. It portrays 27-year-old Princess Beatrix of the Netherlands and marks the visit which she has been paying to the Antilles.

Another Dutch possession, Surinam, has issued four charity stamps to mark the 50th anniversary of the Green Cross Society, whose work is similar to that of the Red Cross. The new stamps show different kinds of people helped by the Green Cross Society. On the 25 plus 12 cents value, pictured here, is an old man.



DO YOU KNOW?

In what year did George Washington become the first President of the USA?

The Sphinx is in which African country?

April 25th is ANZAC Day. What do the initials mean?

How often are the Olympic Games held?

When did the Wars of the Roses begin?

PICK A PUZZLE

WORD SQUARE

The answers to the four clues will, if written below each other, read the same down as across.

A track
4,840 square yards
Loyal
Part of the foot

PLACE PAIRS

Can you pair off the words in the first column with those in the second to form the names of eight places in Britain and Ireland?

Scar	Rick
Lime	Pool
Ding	Ford
Wig	Borough
Liver	Castle
Car	An
Brad	Wall
New	Lisle

SUGGESTIONS

What tree suggests a part of the hand?
What Irish county suggests a girl's name?
What measure suggests a freshwater fish?
What bird suggests a lifting device?

PICK A PAINTER

Re-arrange the letters in the words below to form the name of a famous English landscape artist.

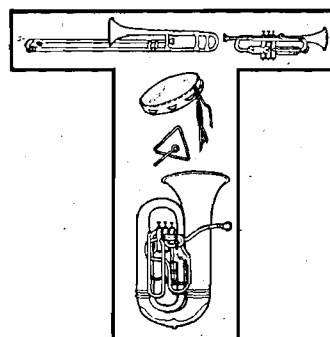
NOBLE CAST

ODD ONE OUT

One of the sportsmen below is out of place among his companions. Which, and why?

Max Faulkner, Peter Aliss, Mike Sangster, Dai Rees, Peter Thompson.

T FOR FIVE



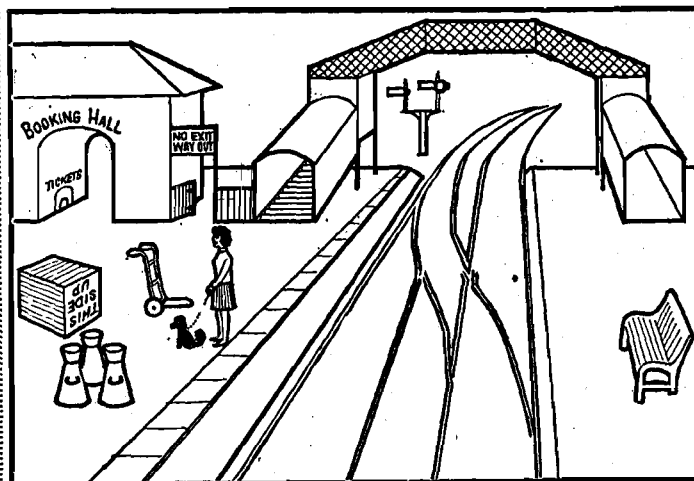
The five musical instruments pictured here begin with the letter T. What are they?

ALL CHANGE!

Can you change HANG to LEAD in four moves, altering only one letter at a time, and always forming a complete word?

Answers to puzzles are on page 16

SUCH A PUZZLING PICTURE



The artist has made 12 deliberate mistakes. Can you spot them?

HUNGARY has issued a series of stamps to honour the Hungarian athletes who won medals at last year's Olympic Games in Tokyo. The 1-forint



value features weight-lifting, for which Hungarians were awarded three medals—two silver and one bronze.

HOW SMALL IS YOUR POST OFFICE?

The Post Office Magazine has been receiving letters from people who run tiny sub-post offices. One came from Mrs. E. Taylor, of the Hampshire village of Beech, who says that her sub-office is in the hall, and measures only 40 inches by 60 inches.

Although Nye Gorham's grandfather had refused Mr. Willet permission to take Nye aboard the *Griffin* to rejoin his sea-going father in Boston, Nye had made the journey just the same. He had run away!

While at sea, Mr. Willet had died, but not before he had warned Nye of a plot to kill his father. The only person Nye could trust with the frightening news was his Uncle Daniel, who met him when the ship docked at Boston. All Nye wanted to do was to get to New York at once to warn his father, but his uncle insisted that he wait while plans were made...

5. The Limping Man!

FOR two hours—the longest of his life since the hours in his bedroom at his grandfather's house before his escape—Nye fidgeted about his uncle's office, trying to pass the time.

Who were the other men in the plot? How many were there? Who was the man Uncle Daniel suspected—the man who had talked his father into signing on Larkins as new First Mate? The man he had had dealings with in Hong Kong? What had happened to make that man want to have his father killed? Something about business, but what?

Nye stood in front of his father's portrait, yearning to see him, yearning to be the one who would bring him the all-important warning!

The clerk returned from his errand. He tapped on the door to see if Mr. Daniel Gorham was in. Nye limited himself to saying he had gone out. The clerk shut the door again and left him alone. Nye wished he could have talked to the man, but he remembered what Uncle Daniel had said and dared not.

At last his uncle's quick, light step sounded on the stairs. The office door opened.

Despite the energetic way he came in, he looked tired. His face was lined and drawn.

"Well, Nye. I'm sorry to be so long. But everything is settled. He hung his hat on the walnut hat-tree and planted himself before Nye. "While I set a trap here, you're going on ahead to New York City and let your father know what's happened."

"Hurrah!" Nye cried, delighted. "Then, when the time comes, we'll spring our trap—there."

Uncle Daniel reached inside his coat and brought out a letter. The envelope was sealed with red sealing wax, and was addressed to Captain John Gorham.

"Here is a letter I have written telling your father how I intend to arrange matters here, and suggesting what should be done there. If all goes well, the man I told you about will come to New York City with me and walk straight into our trap."

"Jolly, Uncle Daniel!"

"Now take off your jacket."

Wonderingly, Nye slipped off his blue pea jacket. He watched his uncle open a desk drawer and bring out a seaman's sewing kit.

With scissors, Uncle Daniel neatly snipped the threads of a seam on the inner edge of one flap and slipped the letter inside the lining. He then sewed it just as neatly up again.

"There now. Put that back on, and forget about what's in it until you stand in your father's cabin aboard the *Ellen*."

DEAD MAN'S WARNING!

"Yes, sir. How am I going, Uncle?"

"In the sloop *Plympton Belle*, a coaster leaving in two hours. Now bring your bag and come along—I want to put a good dinner inside you first."

ONE thing Nye could always do was eat. In spite of the excitement he was feeling, he was able to stow away a hearty meal at the excellent side-street tavern his uncle took him to.

When they had finished, they returned to the waterfront and made their way toward Benson's Wharf, where the *Plympton Belle* lay. She was a good-sized sloop, with trim lines, and looked fast. The last bales of goods had been carried aboard and lowered into her hold. The hatches were being battened down as they went on board.

Her captain came forward to meet them.

"Captain Mason, this is my nephew, Nye," said Uncle Daniel.

Nye looked up at a large man with grey whiskers that seemed to be trying without much success to tone down the fiery redness of his face.

"We'll see him safely there, sir," the captain assured Uncle Daniel. He squinted up at the sky as if it were a mortal enemy. "I'm glad you've come a bit early. I've hurried the men along and we're about ready to cast off. There's talk of bad weather coming up the coast. Sooner we're under way the better. Sooner the better. Tyson! Show this lad where he's to sleep. P'haps you'd like to see, too, Mr. Gorham."

They went below with the seaman to have a look at the cubby-hole which was to be Nye's. Nye put his drawstring bag on the bunk—the bag was bulkier now, having had a sack of candy added to it by his uncle—and they returned to the main deck.

At the gangplank, Uncle Daniel took Nye by the shoulders and gazed down at him intently.

"AS soon as I've made sure of the state of affairs here, I'll be coming down to New York City myself. We'll see each other again before this matter is settled and the *Ellen* sails, you may be sure of that. Take care and don't be afraid. Things will work out."

Nye's uncle gave him a quick squeeze around the shoulders and hurried off down the gangplank. On the dock he turned once, raised his hat and wagged it, but the fun was somehow missing this time. He clapped his hat on again and walked rapidly away without turning back any more.

Nye watched him go with a lump in his throat and felt very much alone. After a glance around to see that nobody was near, he touched his coat, making sure the envelope was still there.

by
SCOTT CORBETT

While he was standing by the gangplank, the captain and two seamen came along the deck.

"Mr. Gorham gone ashore?"

"Yes, sir."

The captain nodded. The seamen began to haul the gangplank aboard. From the quarterdeck the mate shouted orders. Sails went up, and lines were cast off.

Slowly the *Plympton Belle* gathered steerage-way. And Nye's spirits lightened accordingly. After being away from home for two years, he was saying goodbye again after only four hours! But what did that matter, compared to what lay ahead?

The first leg of the passage, across Massachusetts Bay, went well, with the sloop making good use of a strong south-westerly breeze. To the south the sky was becoming rapidly more threatening, causing Captain Mason to mutter even more anxiously as he scanned it.

By the time the ship had rounded Race Point at the tip of Cape Cod, the wind had shifted into the south-east. Grey, misty rain blotted out the setting sun and drained its colour from the skies.

NIGHT fell upon them as swiftly as an assassin; darkness surrounded them like the leaden lining of a coffin. The wind, straight onshore now, howled through the rigging and slatted the sails as the *Plympton Belle* tried to claw her way out to sea, away from the fearsome shoals of the Black Side of the Cape. With grim justice, that treacherous stretch

of sea was called the Graveyard of the Atlantic. It was a graveyard that numbered its occupants in thousands.

On such a night, while the ship leaped and plunged like a maddened creature, when every beam creaked and shuddered, and every nail shrieked and groaned as it started in the planking, staying below-decks was more than Nye could bear. He found a niche on the lee side of the main deck amidships where he could cling to the lifeline that had been rigged along the length of the deck. He had a deckhouse at his back to protect him against any wave that might break across the ship.

There he clung to the line for dear life, and strained his eyes across the rearing whitecaps toward the black shore, hoping for a pinpoint of light from one of the lighthouses along that dread stretch, and fearing that when he did see one it might be all too close.

Around him, as shouted orders were passed along by the men, the wind tore scraps of their words loose and flung them to him.

"It's too heavy..."

"... can't hold her off much longer..."

"... won't answer her helm..."

The little he could hear was enough. The men's hurried, laboured strides on the pitching deck, the desperate sharpness of their shouts, the last-ditch struggle that went into their efforts to manage the ship—everything the men did, every move they made, told the same story. The ship was in grave danger of being driven ashore!

WITH freezing certainty the hard fact took hold of Nye's mind, and for a moment he was paralysed. Panic swept over him like a wave, and passed on like a wave, leaving him shaken and still frightened, but no longer unable to think.

He remembered his few possessions in his drawstring bag, and felt he must get them. He never stopped to consider how little chance he would have to save them if the ship struck. He thought only of how precious they were to him.

Still clinging to the lifeline, he slipped under it and started to edge aft along the slippery deck.

Out of the storm emerged a shadowy figure, bulky in oilskins and sou'wester, clinging to the lifeline as it came towards him. Nye stopped, wondering anxiously how they could best go about getting around each other.

Since he should not be on deck anyway, he knew he must keep out of the way at all times. That being the case, the proper thing for him to do was to retreat to the deckhouse, where he could duck under the lifeline again and clear it for the seaman. Carefully he edged his way back, planting his feet wide and gripping the line hard with each roll and pitch of the ship.

When he reached the deckhouse, he glanced over his shoulder. The man was closer, and now Nye noticed how he limped.

It was a limp that called to mind the ship's carpenter on the *Griffin*, Red-Eye Pell, the man his father had once kicked off his ship for insolence.

Nye stared up at the man's face curiously as he came closer—and his mouth fell open.

It was Pell!

Continued on page 16



Looking tired and drawn, Uncle Daniel planted himself before Nye

A HOCKEY WELCOME TO WALES

AT Llanelly on Saturday the Welsh Women's hockey team plays the first of the season's three home international matches. Scotland are the visitors on that day, while a week later (20th March), Ireland will be calling at Colwyn Bay. The last home international will be against the South African touring side, at Margam on 3rd April.



THE WELSH TEAM—from left (front row): Janet Morgan; Anne Ellis; Eirianwen Thomas (captain); Patricia Conde; Eira Matthews. Back row: Georgina Whiteway; Jane Hughes; Margaret Jones; Mair Evans; Lynne Thomas; and Jean Mead.

The Welsh team won the Triple Crown for the first time last season. Proud captain of that side was Eirianwen Thomas—"Nan" to the team—centre-half from the Penarth Ladies' Club; and she leads the side again this season.

There is, perhaps not surprisingly, only one newcomer to the international side—Janet Morgan, teacher of physical education at Llanharri Secondary Modern School, Glamorgan. She was formerly a pupil at Dyffryn Grammar School at Port Talbot, and 40 of her old schoolgirls booked a coach so that they could

forward, and so has quite a job to do if Wales is to be a hockey power again this season.

Like her captain, Patricia plays for the Penarth Ladies' Club, as do three other members of the team—Anne Ellis, Eira Matthews, and Georgina Whiteway. Georgina, by the way, is a housewife and has two children.

Another housewife is Jane Hughes, of Tenby Ladies' Club. Now right-half, she played centre-half in the 1963 match at Wembley, when Wales beat England for the first time. S.D.



Badge worn by the England Women's hockey team

cheer her on in the match last Saturday at Edgbaston.

Janet, smallest member of the team at five feet, is also a judo enthusiast, and has reached brown belt standard.

Although Janet is only 22, she is not the youngest member of the team; that honour falls to Patricia Conde, 20-year-old student at Chelsea College of Physical Education. First chosen for her country in 1963, she has been switched from right wing to centre-

UP THE HAMMERS!

BRITAIN'S interest in European affairs goes a stage farther this Wednesday, when West Ham United will be in Switzerland. The London club will be meeting Lausanne in the first leg of their European Cup Winners' Cup tie.

Free from FA Cup and League Championship problems, the Hammers can concentrate on reaching the semi-final of the European competition. They should prove too strong for the Swiss side, and may have plenty in hand for the return match, at Upton Park, next Wednesday (17th).

Victory for the London club would raise still more the prestige of British football, which has reached a high place indeed in European football this season.



WHO WILL WEAR THE TRIPLE CROWN?

WHAT must surely be the international match of the rugby season will be that played at Cardiff Arms Park on Saturday. Wales meet Ireland in a match which both sides need to win in order to take the Triple Crown.

To earn the Triple Crown title (an "honorary" one), one country must beat the three others in the home championship. So seldom does this happen that it is regarded as a greater honour than winning the international championship, which includes France.

If Wales win, they will take the Triple Crown before their own supporters for the first time in 54 years. In 1911, the Welsh team won in Scotland and on their own grounds defeated England and Ireland. So far this season, Wales have beaten England, at Cardiff, and Scotland at Murrayfield.

Undoubtedly, Ireland is the surprise team of the season. Having finished at the foot of the championship table last season—in fact, Ireland has taken last place in four of the last five seasons—her present success is all the more remarkable.

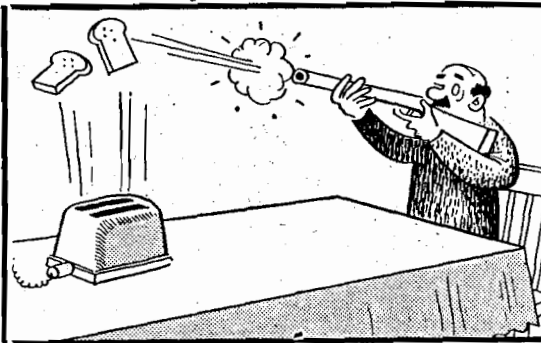
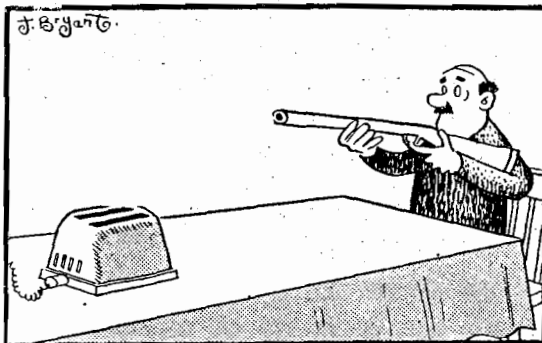
Whichever country takes the Triple Crown on Saturday—no one will hope for a drawn game—the winner will wear it proudly.

WHO IS HE?



Do you recognise this British athlete? A clue—he covered last year's Windsor to Chiswick Marathon in record time. For answer, see foot of column five.

ALL-ROUND ALFIE



Sportsbag

THERE will be quite a lot of deep breathing in athletics circles this weekend, for the Amateur Athletic Association holds its annual general meeting at Birmingham University on Saturday.

One of the items on the agenda is likely to cause a lot of discussion, perhaps at times rather heated. Mr. A. Gibb, honorary secretary of Portsmouth Athletic Club, is to put this proposal:

"It is the opinion of this meeting that in view of the unsatisfactory state of the organisation and administration of British athletics, the Amateur Athletic Association should initiate action for the establishment of one governing body for the whole of the United Kingdom, and that it requests the general committee to implement this proposal forthwith."

Now there will be some who will dispute that an "unsatisfactory state" exists; and there will be those who will want to preserve the present system. So this item, at least, should keep the meeting on its toes.

The meeting will also have to elect a new secretary, for Mr. E. Clynes, so long a tower of athletics strength, is soon to retire.

WHILE on the subject of athletics, I must mention that the British Amateur Athletic Board has introduced something new—a woman member. And Mary Peters, of Belfast, is an admirable choice as the "first of her line."

Mary, pride of Northern Ireland, got her place by popular vote among her athletics colleagues throughout the United Kingdom. She has been one of the outstanding personalities in Britain's teams for several seasons, and at the Tokyo Olympics gained fourth place in the pentathlon event. Her deputy on the Board is another Mary—gold medallist Mary Rand.

Also elected to the Board is Martin Hyman, the long distance runner. Mary and Martin will represent Britain's current international athletes, with the role of offering views and advice to the Board, but without the power of voting.

CALLING NOTTINGHAM—AND EDINBURGH!

IF you live within reasonable distance of Nottingham, why not go along to the Ice Stadium on Friday? The Amateur Junior Championships of Great Britain are being held there.

The Ice Dancing section—for the "Demmy" and "Westwood" Challenge Trophies—will provide a wonderful spectacle, with competitors taking part in a variety of

DEAD MAN'S WARNING!

Continued from page 15

What was Pell doing on this ship? Why would he have left the Griffin and signed on the Plympton Belle the very day they made port? Why had Nye not seen him until now?

The questions seemed to bump and blur one another in their mad race through Nye's mind. Still clinging to the line, he stopped in his tracks, too surprised to move on.

Seeing him, Pell stopped, too. Strung together on the same life-line, which neither dared let go, they stared at each other through the howling, spray-filled gloom.

NYE'S back prickled. Instinctively he shrank from getting too close to the man. Glancing sideways toward the shrouds, he measured the distance, and considered attempting a desperate leap across the rolling, slippery deck.

But even as he did so, the ship dipped into a deep trough, shuddered, righted—and struck!

To be continued

© Scott Corbett, 1965

dances which include Blues, Rocker Foxtrot, Tango, and Waltz.

There will also be the ever-spectacular figure skating, with competitions for Men, Women, and Pairs, with the "Dundas" and "Richardson" Cups for the winners.

By the way, do not be misled by the term Junior; this has no relationship to age groups, but concerns skaters who have reached a certain standard.

EDINBURGH is the centre this weekend for the Final Trials of the Scottish Hockey Association. There will be matches on Saturday morning and afternoon at Craiglockhart, and at Muirhouse on Sunday morning.

After these, the team to meet Ireland on 27th March will be selected.

WHAT with hockey in Edinburgh (men) and Llanelly (women), rugby at Cardiff, and ice skating in Nottingham, sports fans have quite a variety this weekend!

The Sports Editor

Address your letters to: The Sports Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

(P.3): **General Knowledge Acrostic:** 1 Callas. 2 Ludwig. 3 Easter. 4 Odin. 5 Paraguay. 6 Alfred. 7 Turin. 8 Ringo. 9 Alpha. 10 Shaw. 11 Netherlands. 12 Epstein. 13 Exodus. 14 Dexter. 15 Lonsborough. 16 Eglantine—**CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.** (P.4): **CN Chess Club:** 1 R-N5 P-N3 If... PxR; 2 QxP P-N3; 3 Q-R6 and wins 2 R-R5! Resigns. If... PxR; 2 QxP, etc. If... P-N4; 3 RxRP. (P.14): **Do You Know?** 1789; Egypt; Australian and New Zealand Army Corps; every four years; 1455.

Such a Puzzling Picture: The ticket office window is on the ground; notice should read, EXIT—WAY OUT; hinges on the Exit gate are on the wrong side; hand-trolley has only one wheel; crate is upside down; one milk churn has no handle; dog's lead is incomplete; one signal has no light; one rail is missing in the points; no steps on right side of footbridge; bench leg is incomplete; rails have no sleepers. **Place** **PATH** **ACRE** **TRUE** **HEEL**

Word Square: Pairs: Scar-borough; Lime-rick; Ding-wall; Wig-an; Liver-pool; Car-lisle; Brad-ford; New-castle. Suggestions: Palm; Clare; perch; crane. Pick a Painter: Constable. Odd One Out: Mike Sangster, a tennis player. All the others are golfers. **T For Five:** Trombone; trumpet; tambourine; triangle; tuba. All Change! Hang, hand, land, lend, lead.

Who is He? Basil Heatley, who covered the 26 miles 385 yards in 2 hours 13 minutes 55 seconds.